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THE



LEISURE HOUR

DECEMBER, 1882.

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ALMANACK FOR

DECEMBER, 1882.

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|--------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 F ☉ rises 7.46 A.M. | 9 S ☉ rises 7.56 A.M. | 17 M ☉ 3 SUN. IN ADVENT | 25 M CHRISTMAS DAY |
| 2 S ☉ 3 Quar. 8.56 P.M. | 10 S 2 SUN. IN ADVENT | 18 M ☉ 1 Quar. 4.39 P.M. | 26 T Bank Holiday |
| 3 S ADVENT SUNDAY | 11 M ☉ (New) 3.38 P.M. | 19 T ☉ rises 8.5 A.M. | 27 W ☉ rises 8.8 A.M. |
| 4 M ☉ grst. dist. fr. ☉ | 12 T Taurus S. 11 P.M. | 20 W Pleiades S. 9.43 P.M. | 28 T Clk. bef. ☉ 1m. 49s. |
| 5 T Clk. aft. ☉ 9m. 10s. | 13 W Daybreak 5.55 A.M. | 21 T Winter Quar. begs. | 29 F Aries S. 7.30 P.M. |
| 6 W Trans. Vens. ov. ☉ | 14 T Orion S. at mdnt. | 22 F ☉ sets 3.51 P.M. | 30 S ☉ least dis. from ☉ |
| 7 T Jupiter vis. all nt. | 15 F Twil. ends 5.56 P.M. | 23 S Jupiter near ☉ | 31 S S. AF. CHRISTMAS. |
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THE
Leisure Hour.

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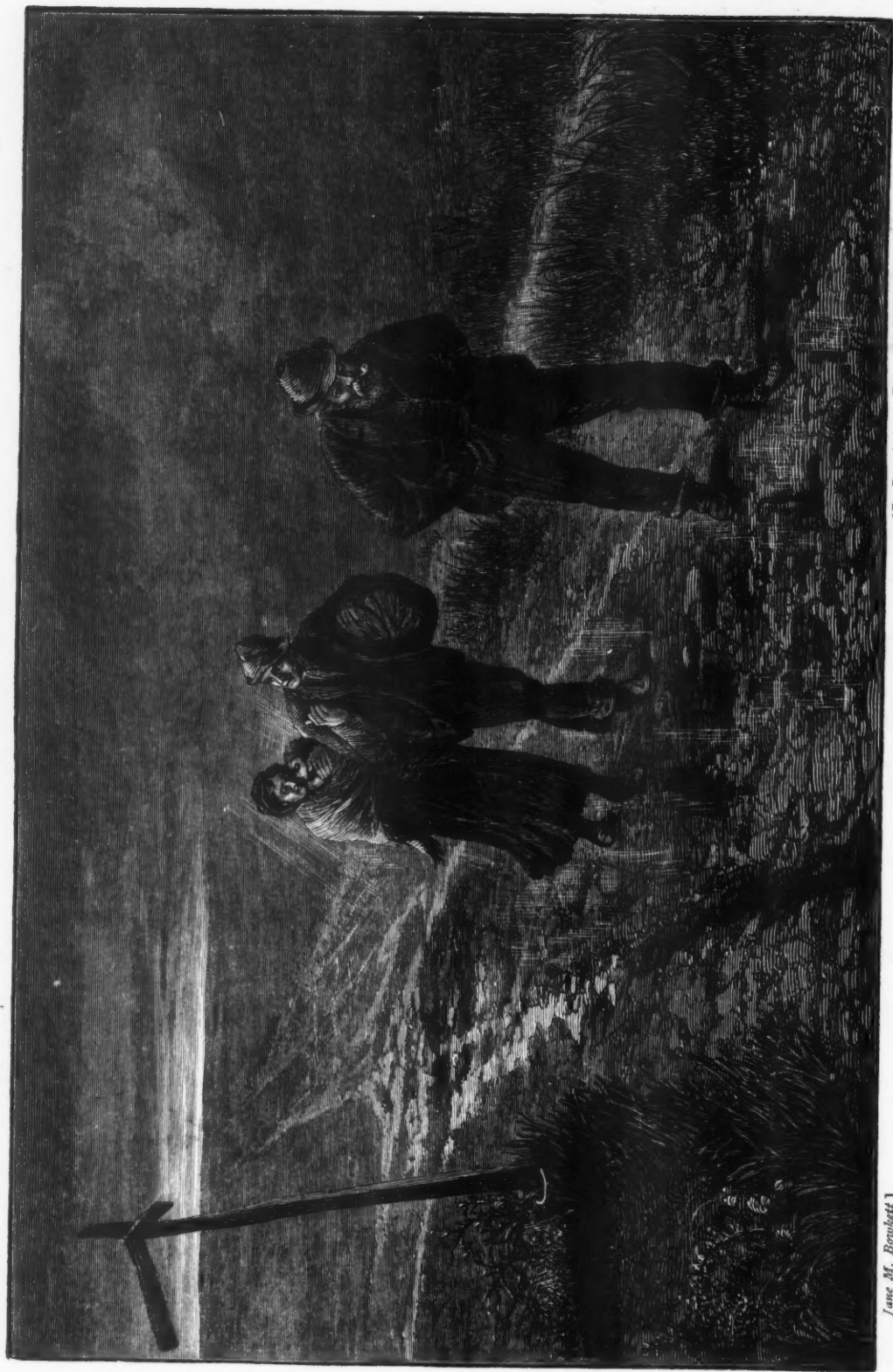
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THE LAST STAGE.

CHAPTER III.—THE MYSTERIOUS SHADE.

IT was near midday. The courier had about as many hours before him as he had spent in coming. We may add that now he proceeded with a certain aim, which would have the effect of shortening the distance. Armed simply with a stick, he started, and pursued the road conducting to the place where Giafar awaited him.

We may easily imagine how, having accomplished so much, the rest seemed to him insignificant. This feeling, joined to the conviction that he was to traverse the immense steppe alone, prevented the courier from observing one thing, which certainly could not have failed to surprise him, if not to disquiet him, notwithstanding his bravery.

About an hour after his departure from the camp, having taken a direction opposite to the mountains where the companions of the Tadjick had taken refuge, Ismael passed, without noticing it, a mass of granite, fallen as from the skies into the midst of a scene picturesque in its details, but void of ruggedness. On this eminence, high enough to command a vast prospect, lay a crea-

ture, at that time motionless, stretched out, with head raised like a sphinx. Was it a fantastic animal or a man? The uncertainty did not last long.

Scarcely had Ismael advanced some hundred paces, than, looking back, he saw this strange being raise itself with feline precaution. Then its deformity appeared, and the more conspicuously from its strange movements.

It was Nazir!

The evil genius and familiar of the Tadjick could not come there by chance. The strange and quiet laugh which widened his brown face, cleft horizontally and across by an enormous mouth, was sufficiently expressive to indicate a firm will aspiring at an end not directly known, but which had certainly some design against the man who every moment got farther off.

"Off! off! bearer of some message no doubt hostile to the brave Timour-Khan! If you had passed near me just now, with what eagerness I would with a bound have cast myself on your shoulder like a tiger, or rather, like an ape!" sneers and mocks the strange figure. "But,

patience! The story of David and Goliath is a true symbol at all times. You have force that crushes, I have the craft that overthrows. Patience! patience!"

And, in fact, the hideous being remained on his pedestal, which strangely suited his burlesque figure. Apart from his fierce and frequent gestures, one might have believed these only empty words, but the whole aspect of the man betrayed his determination.

More and more animated in his rapid course, Ismael thought less than ever of turning back. Had he seen anybody? No. Anything? No. And yet it cannot be said that the emissary of the vizier travelled quite alone in the plain.

If the person of Nazir on the block of granite where we have left him was invisible to him, so was the strange black spot, which, like a shade entirely separated from the object which produces it—that of a cloud or a large bird, for example—followed on the track of the carrier of the message with astonishing regularity and perseverance. Many hours passed in this manner. Hindered at different times by the unevenness of the ground or by the brambles, the black spot disappeared, reappeared, vanished again, and again showed itself. A time came, however, when the most experienced observer could not discern it. It should be mentioned that the sun, three-fourths on his daily course, darted on the earth only oblique rays, which prevented the seeing of any thing on that side.

When the day was declining, Ismael felt himself overcome with extreme weariness. If we recall the distance, and forget neither the anxiety nor the privations endured by our hero, certainly nothing will appear more natural than the need of repose. Besides, it was a custom contracted by him, and to think of doing without it to-day would have been a folly. On coming the evening before, the messenger had noticed a place particularly favourable for a halting of this kind.

There were some hollows which the water of heaven had almost filled. The excess of the small holes formed a kind of marsh, on the sides of which grew some grass, some small reeds.

Determined to take rest, Ismael did not neglect a precaution well known to all people of his wearisome and dangerous profession. He drew from his pocket and rolled around his leg a cord long enough to envelope the lower part of his body. One end of this cord extends around the foot, and passes round the great toe, carefully tied. The loose extremity of this cord is kindled. The time allowed for sleep is in proportion to the length of hemp that has to be consumed; this moment passed, a violent sensation wakes the traveller.

Ismael, whose first concern was to dress his wound on the shoulder, and to envelope with a moistened bandage the heavy bruises he had received on the head whilst escaping the sentinels of the Tadjick, extended himself on the ground and slept soundly. He was there not longer than fifteen minutes before the shadow appeared again, and this time it was sufficiently near to be recognised as the dwarf of the chief Timour-Khan.

It could not but be with a mischievous intention that he advanced. By stealthy steps he managed to reach without noise the feet of the sleeper, and saw at a glance the smoking match.

It was a bold venture. Nothing warded off the undulations of this human serpent; nothing plainly revealed his presence, much less his manner of approaching, of which the panther might have been jealous. A flint taken from its resting-place, a bit of dry grass, a sigh drawn from fatigue, from emotion, were all that told his thoughts.

There was much danger, and yet the dwarf did not hesitate.

Arrived at the feet of Ismael, half dissembling an encounter favourable for his design, Nazir quietly stretched his right hand. This lean hand, with long slender fingers, hooked like the claws of a bird of prey, was armed with a very fine blade, to which a ray of the setting sun gave a gleam of the colour of blood.

His aim was to cut the cord between the kindled part and the toe.

It was done.

A satanic joy shone in the face of the crafty villain.

"Ah!" thought he, going off with the same slowness, the same apprehensions of the man exposed in this manner to the inconvenience of sleep indefinitely prolonged, "what chance is there now for you, courier? why should I not strike your breast with a mortal blow? I should then at once take the parchment placed under your tunic. But as it is, you will arrive too late. Ready and numerous recruits have doubled the forces of my master; and if I do not kill you, I have at least accomplished the most important part of my task—the delay of your arrival at Teheran."

After this daring exploit, the dwarf had only to remove himself very quickly. In retreating, he did not cease to keep his eyes on the courier, whom he was afraid of seeing awake too soon and of his own accord. However, a loud snore gave him assurance to the contrary.

Nazir went on, but he was no sooner on his legs than he was seen to leap up, uttering an exclamation of fear. At a short distance behind him ran a beast, extraordinary on account of its horrid figure and its active movements. A hoarse and discordant cry chilled with terror the doomed servant of the Tadjick; but what did not the wretched man feel when he found himself the object of an attack not less terrible than unexpected! In a minute, savage bites added pain to his fright.

"Help me! help me!"

This instinctive appeal was imprudent, but Nazir did not think of it. What could he have more to dread than the horrible beast now known to be a hyena?

Suddenly aroused, Ismael did not expect to be called upon for help, but such was his skill that a single blow of his stick vigorously applied was sufficient to make the horrid animal let go his prey. To finish by killing it was then the easiest thing for a man whose calm self-possession habitually equalled his courage.

It was necessary and in good time.

Although hasty, the attack of the hyena had been disastrous. Nazir, groaning, moved his left arm. His sides were scratched and torn. His writhing, his cries, would have caused laughter, if his evident pain had not inspired deep sympathy in his generous protector. Ismael did not regard the grotesque appearance of the individual. He saw a human creature dreadfully wounded, unable to continue his course, and it would have been cowardly on his own part to leave him behind.

"Ah! my friend," said he, after the relief that the nearness of a little water rendered possible, "who are you? where are you going?"

Lamentable groans were the only answer he obtained.

"Come on," repeated Ismael, "there are not two different roads for us to go; come on!"

Then seizing Nazir by the feet, as well as by the arms, the noble courier took him on his shoulders and continued his march.

This was not easy; Ismael not only carried a load, but between the dry, rocky, and parching steppe on which he advanced with difficulty, and the abode of the old herdsman, there were rough declivities to get over, and serious dangers to avoid.

His disquietude was especially on account of the unfortunate Nazir, whose inert and bleeding body, together with his continual moans, betrayed a being incapable of the least effort to protect himself.

The evening twilight had long succeeded the burning heat of the sun. Already was night extending its sombre shades, and Ismael still went on. Exhausted and out of breath, every step cost him great effort.

"Stop! take rest!" advised Nazir, in a pitiful and hypocritically affected voice.

"No! no!"

Eager to find his horse, and unwilling to risk the delay of a second halt, yet too humane to lighten his course by relieving his shoulders of the weight that pressed them, Ismael pressed on steadfastly.

At length the last hill was ascended; he had only to descend; but for this the heroic preserver of Nazir must certainly have fallen to rise no more.

A last effort, and he arrived. A joyous neighing is heard; it was Giafar, whose instinct seemed to recognise the return of his master. The old herdsman had time to clear the passage from the interior to the exterior of the hut.

"Ah!" was the only exclamation uttered by Ismael.

The solitary inhabitant of the Dangerous Rocks received him fainting into his arms. Nazir, foreseeing a fall, knew how to come down upon his feet, at which the courier, had he had all his wits about him, would have been not a little surprised.

"Now," said the herdsman to the strange man, who had relatively less now to complain of than Ismael, notwithstanding the blood with which he appeared covered, "help me, if you please, to extend gently this poor man on my couch."

"Willingly. Take hold of his legs, old man—

I will hold his breast and his head," replied the confidant of the Tadjick, who cunningly planted his hand on the place where he rightly supposed the message must be concealed.

The couch presenting only a lot of straw, of leaves, and of grass, very little better than the litter of a flock, the work was easy. However, a full hour passed before Ismael recovered the use of his senses. He was then in a pitiable state.

His first thought on opening his eyes was to be informed of the time passed since his arrival at the hut. His host replied by pointing at the horizon, which was beginning to whiten with the silver brightness that precedes the dawn.

An electric shock would not have excited our hero more energetically.

"Ah! ah!" said he, recognising the poor creature whom he had rescued on the previous night. "Already on your feet, my friend? This shows the insignificance of your wounds. So much the better!"

"You intend to rise and depart, do you?" asked he, with a tone of feigned interest—he whom we now recognise as a traitor.

"I must! I must!" murmured the poor courier. "Ah! if I only arrive in time!"

"To start immediately on your journey is not merely imprudent," said Nazir, "but impossible: every movement costs you severe pain."

"I must! I must!" repeated Ismael, looking at the old herdsman, who was well acquainted with the important reasons which drew him to the capital.

"Suppose I offer to go in your place about a business I am ignorant of, but which Allah will give me perhaps sufficient strength to accomplish?" the astute servant of Timour-Khan ventured to suggest.

"No! no! And if I am weak, very weak, is not Giafar here?"

"Giafar?" repeated, with astonishment, the affrighted Nazir.

"There is your horse ready to depart," added the old Mussulman, who, during this conversation, had let down the bridge passing over the abyss, and untied the impatient beast, which Nazir had not perceived at the end of the garden, where it was concealed in the thick shade.

"You have a horse, then?"

The whole horrid person of the monster with human face expressed an astonishment so deep, a deception so bitter, that, for the first time, Ismael began to reflect more about the deformed being, in favour of whom, listening to his own excellent heart, he had nearly sacrificed his benefactor, the vizier.

Nazir, like all rogues, hastened to conceal his thoughts by looking downwards, but soon he looked up audaciously. At the same instant the courier, who had neglected to remove the cord that hung to his leg held only by means of a slip-knot loosely made at the upper extremity—the courier, we say, perceived the other end cut short. At the sight all the hideous truth darted upon him like lightning. Great indignation took possession of Ismael.

"Wretch!" he cried, "and is it such a scoundrel

and hypocrite that I have dragged from the fate he so well deserved?"

The first expression of his rage might have been terrible; but Nazir would not have been Nazir if an inspiration worthy of a soul entirely devoted to the interests of the Tadjick had not immediately dictated the following reply:

"Yes, I wanted to retard your return. I belong to Timour-Khan, the enemy of the King of Persia. My master must have time to secure himself against the new forces that your message is going probably to send forth against us."

"And that is why you cut this cord, and leave me to sleep?"

"I have, therefore, exaggerated my suffering; my aim was to exhaust your strength. Was I not a very heavy burden, too difficult to carry, with my complaining and my nervous contortions?"

"Wretch!" repeated, at the same time, Ismael and his host.

"And ungrateful!" added the latter.

Nazir did not let himself be intimidated. Besides, what could an old man do against him? and the courier was he not paralysed by extreme weakness and weariness?

"No doubt," answered he, with slight emotion, "I appear ungrateful; and certainly I should be so if I had yielded just now to my impulse, and plunged this blade into your heart! As to my own conduct you have nothing to reproach me with; it is fair warfare."

"Well, but Heaven, whilst putting to hard trials my sentiments of humanity, has overthrown your projects. I am going off, my message will arrive, and Timour-Khan, your master, will not have to thank you!"

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

A shrill malicious laugh was the response. "Ah! you are sure of soon arriving at Teheran? Well! Let us see!"

With these words the devoted servant of the Tadjick rushed out of the hut with the speed that we admire in an ape. He mounted the horse, clung to the mane, and then, urging forwards the animal, disappeared in a gallop.

All this had passed with the rapidity of thought.

"Allah! Allah!" cried the old Mohammedan, struck with astonishment. "What will become of you, Ismael? Is not this horrid imp a tool of Satan?"

The astonishment of the old man increased when he saw that the courier evinced no disquietude. And yet it seemed a crisis of terrible import; of this there could be no doubt.

Ismael, for his only reply, placed, with a smile, two fingers on his mouth, and sounded a shrill whistle with a clearness and force which long practice made effective.

A few moments afterwards real howls followed. At the same time, Giafar, whom a blow of a stick had enraged, appeared at the foot of the slope, bounded over the narrow bridge, and stopped in the middle of the cave which served for the abode of the herdsman.

With flowing mane, with distended nostrils, and eyes inflamed, the noble animal drew after him

an inert mass, shapeless, bleeding, dusty, and presenting no signs of life.

They guessed rather than recognised that it was the audacious Nazir. This horrible fellow, the victim of a foolishly daring enterprise, had been suddenly thrown backwards by the horse that had never carried any other horseman than his master. At the whistle of Ismael, Giafar turned violently about, and was soon in a sort of furrow dug almost vertically on the side of the hill, justly named the Dangerous Rocks. In turning, the animal reared. Nazir, clinging to the mane, shuddered with terror, and so much the more as near the place opened an enormous gap behind the precipice.

Transported with fright, in despair, and like a drowning man, hearing only impressions, the dwarf of the Tadjick, slipping against his will from the head to the croup of the horse, had become entangled in the tail of Giafar. The result is easily conceived. The exasperated horse dashed himself amongst the sharp rocks and across the rough bushes with rage and with fury. Nazir, whom devotedness to the chief of the enemies of the kingdom had ill served, succumbed to the punishment which, in former times, was that of the greatest criminals.

He was torn and killed. From the breast of the dwarf slipped an envelope, which the herdsman hastened to give up to Ismael.

"My message!" exclaimed the courier.

"Acknowledge," said his host, "that the enemies of the Government had there an intrepid servant, and that his death, of which he himself was the cause, is not to be regretted."

"A servant the less on the earth!" replied the courier, not without a melancholy smile, less struck with the moral deformity of Nazir, who in fact had done only his duty as an adversary, than by the physical deformity of the poor wretch.

Ismael, a little reflective and poetic without knowing it, like all the Orientals, regarded with melancholy look the lifeless body, to which interment would soon be given by the old inhabitant of the Dangerous Rocks.

"Now," resolutely spoke the man devoted to the vizier, "it is my time to depart."

"Indeed!" asked the old man, anxiously.

"Certainly."

"But in such a state of weakness, my friend, it is death."

"On the contrary, it is life. Come, father, another little service."

"What?"

"Giafar is not like other horses. See his look, see his ears. What intelligence! What expression! He hears me, he understands me, and his stamps of impatience answer me."

"What ought I to do?"

"Help me to mount on his back. Ah! miserable me. What weariness! what bruises!" groaned involuntarily the unhappy messenger.

"How?" asked the obedient shepherd.

"You see, instead of a saddle, a plain sheep's skin tied around the body for a girth. Stretch me upon it. Yes! Tie me closely along the body to this girth along the feet to the croup, and by the hands to the mane."

"There; it is done; and if you lose consciousness, a case very probable, it would be impossible to fall from the horse."

"This is just as I want it. Thank you, and adieu."

"May God conduct and protect you."

And the old Mussulman, who in his long life had been witness of many things, could not help admiring the heroism of a man resolved to lose his life rather than not discharge his duty. A peculiar exclamation was sufficient immediately to start the noble Giafar at a gallop.

The animal having rested more than a day, had recovered all its vigour. Nothing could slacken his course past plains, ravines, rocks, and villages. As he sped over the last and less solitary stages of the journey, those who saw him were startled by the swiftly fleeting spectacle—a spectacle which may be the more easily pictured by those of my readers who remember the punishment of the Russian Mazeppa.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RETURN.

THE afternoon of the same day finds us at Teheran. The scene of action is now in the court of the splendid residence of the sovereign of Persia.

The fine portal which gives access into the palace had been opened at morning drum-beating. A crowd of inhabitants, invited by the sound of the trumpet, had eagerly rushed inside. They occupied now the larger part of the vast space, and notwithstanding the penetrating heat of the sun, from which nothing sheltered them, no one thought of leaving his place.

Below the flight of steps some guards kept open a certain space, a little raised, covered over with a large carpet whose rich colours shone in the sun. In the centre a log of wood about two feet in length excited general curiosity.

"What is going on there?" asked every fresh person, as he entered into the court.

The appearance of an Ethiopian slave, black as ebony, clothed in red, and armed with a long shining blade, was a living reply which caused in everybody a shudder of horror. This negro, fiercely attired, resembled a fantastic barber waiting politely for practice. It was the executioner, and in the log of wood was seen the block!

"An executioner! Whose head then are they going to cut off with so much ceremony?"

This question, murmured quietly, was soon answered. There was a movement before the door of the palace. It announced the arrival of the sovereign. In fact the Shah of Persia was not slow to appear. He came and seated himself on the scarlet cushions embroidered with gold, extended beforehand by slaves on the terrace which surmounts the vast flight of steps.

His Magnificence wished to assist, contrary to his custom, at the execution of a supreme offender.

The condemned is then an important personage?

The choice of such a place shows that already,

and the presence of the sovereign proves it to the least credulous.

But yet again, who is going to pass through the terrible hands of the black executioner dressed in red?

The ardent curiosity of the crowd was removed in an instant by the sensation of great surprise. In the unfortunate man who advanced between two ranks of soldiers they recognised the grand vizier. This first minister would willingly have exchanged his lot with that of the least subject of the kingdom. The jealous hatred of his rivals had soured the heart of the sovereign, and the vizier, severely pressed in order to furnish positive information concerning the expedition directed against the dreaded Timour-Khan, was going to pay with his head for the want of news.

"My lord!" ventured the vizier to say for his defence, "I have sent a messenger, who was to return this morning. I know the man; he is devoted to me. But for insurmountable difficulties he would be here. Every instant he may arrive."

"And because it has pleased a vizier unworthy of my confidence to require what is impossible in order to repair the fault he committed himself by not doing what was possible," replied the austere autocrat, "I am to grant an extraordinary indulgence? No! no! The interval fixed the day before yesterday has expired; there ought to be no other than the delay required for the solemn convocation of all the inhabitants of our capital. I assert that the punishment should be proportioned to the crime of high treason, of which you are accused."

What can be replied to this? In vain the family of the unhappy Mirza came and threw themselves at the feet of the sovereign; in vain his ancient rights were gently urged by some imprudent friends; the will of the Oriental despot remained unshaken.

They had prepared the block, summoned the executioner, brought together a numerous force. Nothing was wanting to satisfy courtiers who had sworn to ruin the grand vizier.

On arriving at the place chosen for his execution, Mirza sustained himself with difficulty. He was of a livid paleness; large tears were seen to flow. The vizier was not, however, a coward; but could the firmness of this man, already very advanced in age, hinder him from shuddering when he thought of his wife or his children and grandchildren, whose heartrending adieus still resounded in his ears and pierced the very bottom of his heart?

A glance directed towards the upper part of the flight of steps, where the prince sat in the midst of a circle of courtiers, gave little expectation of the success of an appeal for mercy. "My lord!" for the last time ventured to murmur, not the minister, but the father of the family. A fierce gesture ordered the soldiers to remove the condemned man, and the executioner to discharge his cruel duty.

There was no longer any hesitation. Two guardsmen wished to take hold of the vizier. This action restored to Mirza all his courage. He

gently repelled the soldiers; he went and kneeled of his own accord on the carpet, and laid his white head on the fatal block.

Said, the black executioner, took a firm position on his feet. Then his right hand, armed with the awful glove, measured the distance—calculated his aim; then hastily describing a curve above his head, it was ready to fall on that of the vizier.

Suddenly there was an unusual movement in the midst of the excited crowd.

The executioner, disturbed, now stayed his uplifted arm.

The monarch himself, furious at the mere thought of riot for the advantage of a man condemned to die, arose and looked about.

Then, as from everybody, an exclamation of extreme astonishment escaped him. The crowd had receded at the noise outside. They had only time to rush hastily back on seeing a horse enter like a whirlwind into the court of the palace. The animal, white with foam, the eyes starting open, the nostrils fuming, the breast torn, and the flanks bleeding, had no sooner reached the middle of the court than he fell out of breath, panting, and ready to die.

But what surpassed all imagination was to see extended, tied over the shoulders of this horse, a man, and to distinguish in this man Ismael!

No language can express the emotion of the multitude. Surprise was followed by sympathy for the courier.

An instinctive sentiment had induced the nearest to untie Ismael; but, stretched out, bruised, wearied; the noble courier could not utter a single word.

Nevertheless he managed to thrust one hand into his breast, and finding the parchment signed by the chief of the Government troops, he presented it to Mirza himself, eager to approach as soon as the name of the arrival had become to him the signal of his deliverance.

The message was read aloud, and what struck most vividly the Persian autocrat was less the unexpected rectitude of the grand vizier than the

great extent of the service rendered to his brave warriors.

Then burst forth noble sentiments, which on some occasions are not wanting even in despots who are considered the most cruelly unfeeling.

The condition of the messenger required immediate care. "Let this man," ordered his Magnificence, "have in an apartment of the palace all needful succour, and let his horse be brought into our stables."

Sad as it was for his rivals, this event was so happy for the vizier, that the old man did not know how to express his joy and his gratitude.

And it was not only at the palace that he placed Ismael, but also in his own abode, in which we cannot doubt that the greatest attention was bestowed upon him.

A month after, on a superb day, there was a fête at Teheran.

The population assembled on the great platform displayed in the sunshine the dazzling colours of the most various, elegant, and rich costumes. The sovereign passed in review a body of the army recently arrived from the frontiers near India. This body, sent to assist Sur-Mohammed, had at length, not without severe engagements and cruel sacrifices of men and of horses, succeeded in completely thwarting the perfidious schemes of the redoubtable Timour-Khan.

We may add that the Tadjick, victim of his foolish temerity, had fallen mortally wounded by the Persian general himself.

At this review the autocrat appeared mounted on a fine Caucasian mare, white as snow; but more admired was a proud Arab horse, quite black, led by a horseman of whom every one said in silence, "See there a fortunate man!"

This man was Ismael, promoted to the much-envied post of courier-in-chief to the Government, and who, on his elevation, had not forgotten the principal instrument of his good fortune, his intrepid Giafar. — *From the French of Alfred Séguin.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF CAIRO.

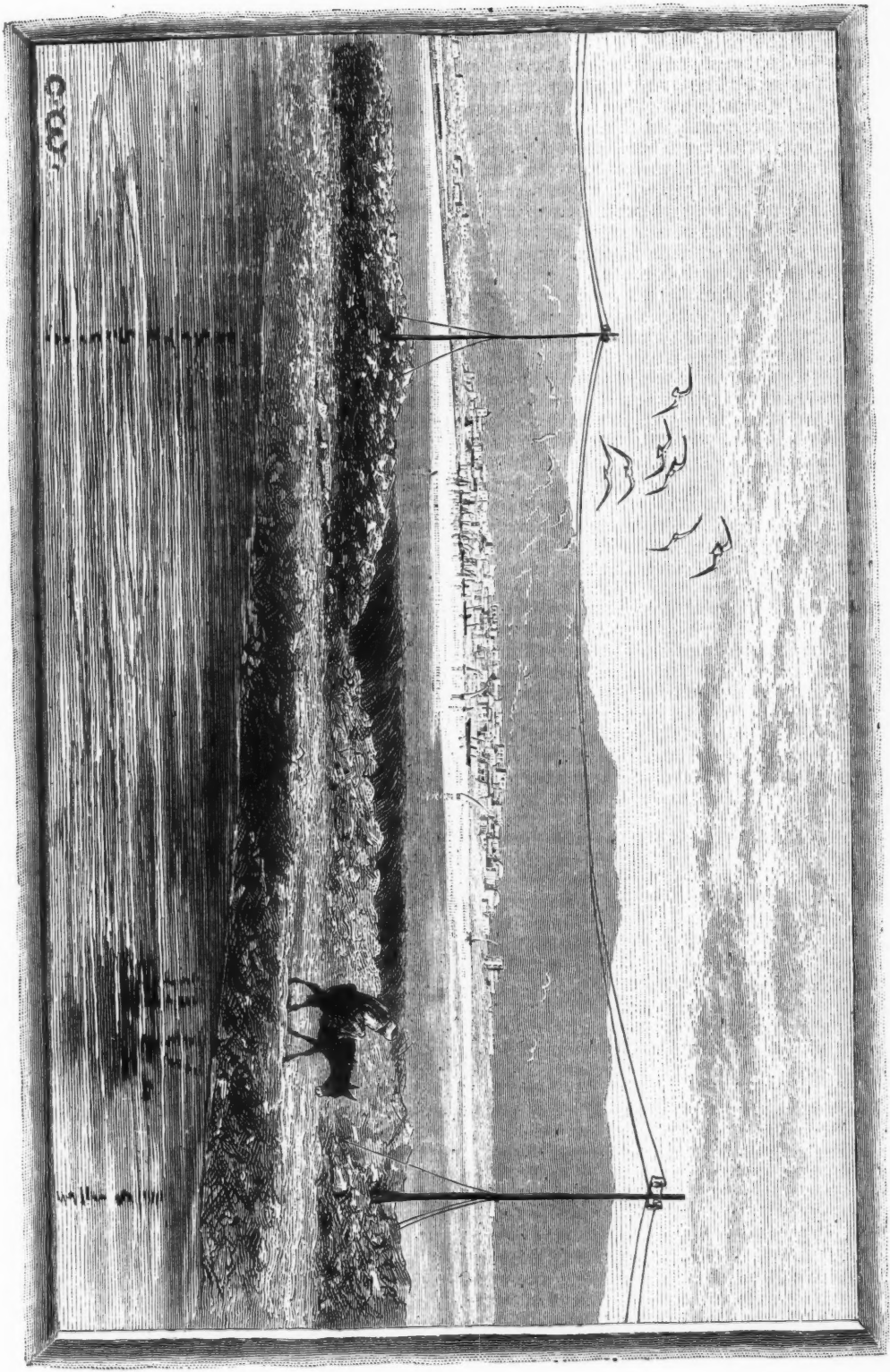
AS an old traveller I have been amused with the descriptions of Cairo during the British occupation. My first impressions, twenty years ago, may be interesting to some readers.

In 1863 I arrived at Cairo in the month of September from Suez, after a long sojourn in the far East. At that time the original "Overland Route," projected by Lieutenant Waghorn, by caravans or cars drawn by horses, had been superseded by a line of railway. The section from Cairo to Suez had then not long been finished. It is now abandoned, and the rails have been taken up and laid along the new route that skirts the freshwater canal, which is about one-

half longer in distance. The old line was nearly parallel with the post-road, traversed by the vans or omnibuses, and some of the places at which they stopped for rest and refreshment were then used as railway stations.

The train started from Suez at two o'clock in the afternoon, consisting of an engine and twelve carriages, manufactured in England, and managed by foreigners in the Egyptian service, with a full freight of passengers and baggage arrived by one of the P. and O. steamships from India. After a shrill whistle, rousing the sluggish natives, Suez was soon left behind, and away we went westwards, the desert all before us; not to be traversed

SUEZ-ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL



at the slow funeral pace of the camel, or the jolting trot of the horse-vans, but at the smooth railway speed of twenty miles an hour over a land level as the sea. The journey was over in five hours, which formerly took five days to accomplish. It was a curious sight to pass at high speed a train of camels pacing leisurely along the post-road, each train a type of their own times, and of Eastern and Western progress. About four miles from Suez were hillocks of sand recently formed by the whirlwinds which rear up columns of drift and then suddenly subside into mounds, often burying men and animals beneath. We saw many bones scattered around these mounds. Occasionally wretched Arab villages are passed, where young and old look out to see the iron monster rush by. Now resting-places for pilgrims are seen, with the Moslem devotees wondering at the Giaour train as it speeds along. Now the ruins of some Bedouin chief's dwelling are reached, where a few horsemen are stationed to guard what was once a rich household.

The first station where the train stopped was at Bana, sixteen miles from Suez, and whence a view of the gulf is obtained. On, on, through a region precisely of the same nature as before, sprinkled at intervals with Bedouin villages and tombs. Strings of camels were passed occasionally along the road, with a few travellers riding on donkeys, and some wretched pilgrims trudging along on foot. Twenty miles from Bana the train stops at Awelat station, quite a little oasis in the desert. Here, fifteen minutes being allowed, I gladly got out to explore the house and garden with refreshments in the wilderness. Entering by a wicket gate we found plenty of Bass's Pale Ale, a favourite beverage to thirsty travellers even in this remote spot, and sold at moderate cost by the landlord, an Italian.

From dead level ground the country gradually increased in elevation to Robeki station, the principal one on the line, where the vans used to stop a night and the passengers had a substantial supper. Here is a palace built by Abbas Pacha, where he rested when crossing the desert. A number of passengers got out at this station, and some got into the train. Looking south, in the direction of Cairo, the country opened up, and large habitations were visible in the distance. The sun was now setting in the ocean of sand, and it was evident we should not reach Cairo before dark.

Then the western sky lost rapidly its roseate hue, for there is little twilight, and at one stride comes the dark; so by the time the train reached the Cairo station, where it was delayed by a danger signal, night had set in. But in the east a glorious refulgent moon lighted up with its silvery beams the forest of minarets and domed mosques of Grand Cairo. As I drove slowly along the road to Shepherd's Hotel, I gazed with silent awe upon the wondrous scene of graceful pinnacles, white as snow in the moonlight, from the mass of flat-roofed houses to the lofty citadel. It was a favourable first impression of a famous city that remains indelible on my memory, and which subsequent sights of its scenery under the metallic

glare of the cloudless Egyptian sky failed to diminish.

Next morning, seated comfortably under a porch at Shepherd's Hotel,* facing the famous Ezbekieh garden (square it is usually called, though of horse-shoe shape), I got my first glimpse of native life in Cairo. I was looking at the principal thoroughfare from the country and suburbs to the city. As if in panoramic view, many of the familiar Oriental scenes passed before me. Strings of camels laden with stone, bales of cotton, building timber, and other rough materials, came marching onwards, as "ships of the desert" arriving in port; then groups of donkeys with provender—chopped straw, maize, oats, and other cereals; mules gaily equipped with ornamented bridles and saddles, bearing their riders in flowing robes and turbans, or close-fitting coat with fez; horses of the finest Arab breed harnessed to elegant carriages hasting onwards with some pacha or wealthy foreigner; flocks of sheep, with black heads, white bodies, and flat heavy tails; goats in droves: and all these animals sleek and fat, showing there was plenty of provender and corn in Egypt. The only spare animals were oxen, and of these few, in consequence of a murrain among the cattle, which had recently swept off three-fourths of the stock in Egypt.

Accompanying these beasts of burden, and bringing their produce to market, were Arabs, brown as their favourite coffee, and straight-limbed as the date-palm. These sons of toil, in spite of their fatigue and poverty, seemed light-hearted and cheerful, smiling and saluting each other with the greeting *Salaam Aleicoum*; then touching foreheads and hearts, in token of good friendship, I observed that they all wended their way along in quietness, without shouting or beating their animals. The dress of the Egyptian peasants, with their caftans and turbans, wide trousers and *bourous*, made a picturesque procession that early morning.

To see the sights of the city I joined a Ceylon planter and his wife at the hotel in hiring a carriage. We found that if we wished to have any peace with the Arab donkey-boys and other hangers-on about the hotel, and to save trouble in many ways, it was necessary to hire a dragoman to serve as interpreter and guide. Such a person accompanied us, a Malay named Abdoolah, who spoke English pretty well, and showed us a number of recommendatory notes from previous travellers. He had been in the service of Sir James Brook, the Rajah of Sarawak, when in Europe; had also been in China, and could converse in three Oriental languages. His charge was four shillings a day.

Our carriage was a capital turn-out—an open barouche, drawn by two Arab horses, the reins being in the hands of a skilful driver, and a footman running ahead to clear the way. He was a nice young fellow, dressed in white, with a caftan, and carrying a long wand, which he waved in front for the passengers to keep out of the way,

* This well-known hostelry had formerly been a pacha's palace, let at a nominal rent to an Englishman who had made a fortune in it.

the streets having no side footpaths. We observed that these swift-footed fellows run elegantly, lifting their feet high, and looking behind with a graceful movement that few European runners could equal; and they never seemed to be tired or short-winded.

In this manner we drove to the bazaars in the lower part of the city. The way was past the public recreation-grounds, or Ezbekieh, seen from the hotel, forming quite a forest of dense foliage. At one time the Nile overflowed this ground, which Mahomet Ali got filled up and planted with shady trees, along a series of roads branching from a common centre, which forms a public drive equal to some of the best in European cities. The tastes of this renowned Egyptian viceroy, in improving and ornamenting his dominions, inclined specially towards horticulture and landscape gardening.

Along the southern side of these grounds is another wide thoroughfare, branching off at an acute angle from that where Shepherd's Hotel was situated. Here, abutting on the trees, were numerous foreign restaurants and cafés, after the Parisian and Viennese styles, with chairs and small tables in front. On the opposite side the principal foreign consulates present a goodly appearance, besides the offices of the English and French navigation companies, European bankers, and other foreigners.

Leaving the main road, our nimble footman suddenly turned to the left along a narrow street, and the coachman followed. Here the speed of man and horses was slackened, as the thorough-



CAIRENE WOMAN.

fare was crowded with donkey-riders and pedestrians. Now I could see the use of our *avant courier*. In these narrow lanes he continued call-

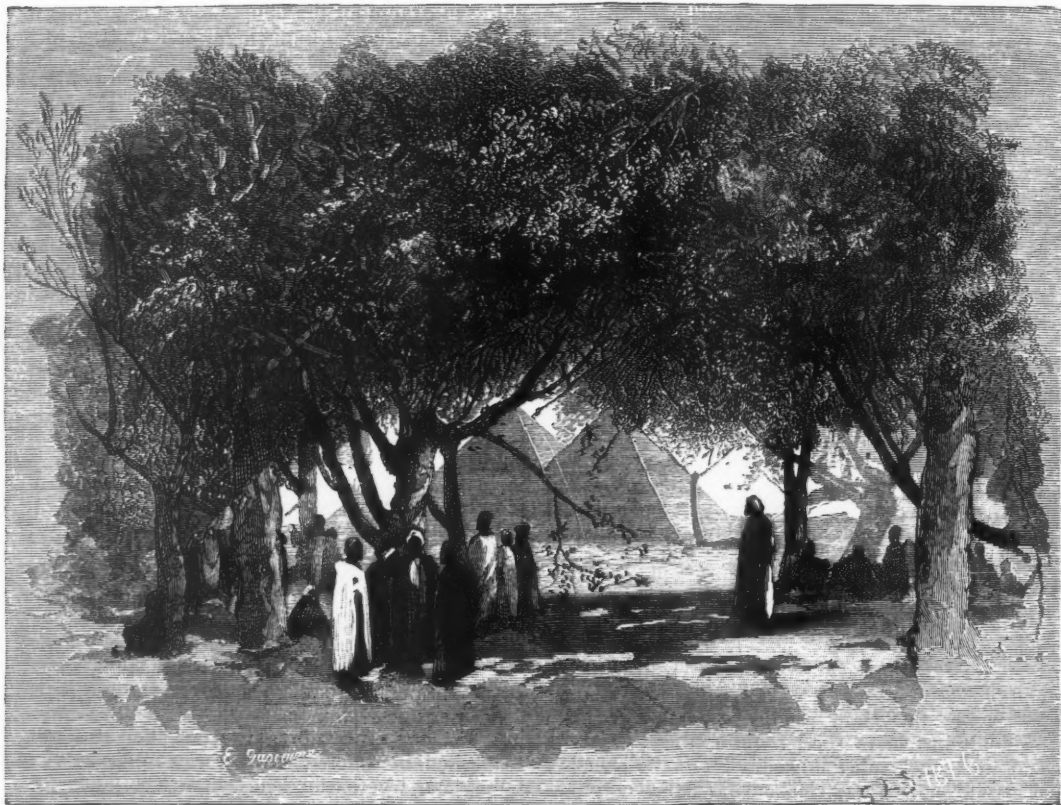
ing in Arabic for the people to get out of the way, as the carriage of distinguished foreigners was coming—what title he gave us of course I could not say—at which the passers-by, in the quietest manner, stepped aside, seeming pleased to obtain a glimpse at the fair-featured English lady. In this street the shopkeepers were mostly Europeans. Here an Italian vendor of wine; there a Greek dealer in tobacco; then a French *magazin-de-mode*; next a German book and map seller, of whom I bought a plan of the city; and last, but not least, comfortably located as if in his native country, a Scotch confectioner, famous for his marmalade and ginger-beer.

For a quarter of an hour we drove through the tortuous streets, more crowded at every turn, until we reached a spot where our footman stopped at an adjoining street not wide enough for our carriage. This was the entrance to the Turkish bazaar, so we stepped out and mingled with crowds of people buying and selling, whose murmuring voices filled the narrow lane. The houses on either side rose to forty or fifty feet, in storeys, with projecting windows at the top, where in some places it would not be difficult for the occupants to shake hands across. But the attraction and interest of the bazaar was below, where the stalls—for they cannot be called shops—are kept by the vendors, who sit in Turkish fashion, smoking their pipes, surrounded by their wares, patiently waiting for customers.

Leaving my companions to do their shopping, I strolled in different directions leading into other bazaars, where the lanes branch off at various angles, and then into square courts, each locality more or less specially devoted to one class of merchandise or class of merchants. This for male attire, that for female; here a courtyard spread with the richest Turkey carpets; there a lane of magnificent shawls; leading to another with calicoes, white and coloured, for customers with slender purses; and then into the shoemakers' bazaar.

It was a ramble of continual surprise and interest. Strange to say, the most vivid ideas I had formed of Cairo were not from the veritable descriptions of previous travellers, but the recollections of what I had read in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." My imagination rushed back to the days of Haroun Alraschid, and the close-veiled females seated on the carpeted stalls bargaining with the vendors I could imagine came from his harem, while the tall black eunuchs watched and guarded them at a distance. Here again was an aged cobbler, working away in his stall just as the father of Aladdin did. There he sat stitching away at the sole of a *papoushe* as his ancestors had done some centuries before. Farther on, in the same bazaar, I came to a barber's stall, the realisation of that great story-teller's shop in the "Thousand-and-one Nights;" and if I could have spoken Turkish or Arabian I would have asked him about his five brothers. This brought me to the maker of tarboushes, or fez-caps, from whom I purchased one, which I have worn to this day.

To the citadel I went alone; I gave orders through the dragoman to drive slowly. This



THE WAY TO THE PYRAMIDS.

delighted my *avant courier*, as he had not to run so fast, and kept nearer the horses' heads, while he waved his cane, calling out "*Rigolek! rigolek!*" signifying "Take care of your legs." From the Frank quarter we passed through the Jewish quarter, where the Israelites are numerous, and dressed in their ancient Arab costume or modern Egyptian. Then we drove along the Copt and Greek quarters, and entered those inhabited by the Turks and Arabs, which form four-fifths in area of all the other quarters.

These divisions are not only separate in nationality, but the different trades and occupations are located in subdivisions, such as the money-changers and bankers. But the most interesting on the way to the citadel was that of the armourers' quarter, to which I was attracted by the clink of hammers from the men at work. Here were exposed for sale richly ornamented pistols, in gold and silver, of the old flint pattern; Mameluke muskets with inlaid butts; scimitars of Damascus steel, with their glittering blades drawn from sheaths, and a few European rifles or fowling-pieces, but the bulk of small arms were Eastern.

Now we ascended the heights of the citadel, and reached an esplanade, with a group of edifices that surprised me by their magnificence. Here the carriage drove up to a stand where

several others were waiting, and I got out, ascending a flight of steps, while Abdoolah led the way towards the mosque and tomb of Mahomet Ali. Having put on scarlet cloth slippers, and crossing the threshold, we entered the spacious court-yard, paved with marble, and surrounded by a piazza of marble walls and pillars. Facing the centre of this court is the great door of the mosque, the doorway about twenty feet in height. The grandeur of the dome-shaped hall and the splendour of the interior cannot be too highly praised. Indeed, the effect of the marble would be too brilliant but for the beautiful tones from the stained glass windows. The details of the mosque are given in every guide-book, and need not be repeated here.

Passing through a door at the south end of the court I stepped at once on to the ramparts of the citadel. It would be vain to attempt to describe the grandeur of the prospect, or to analyse the varied emotions arising at such a time. One recollection only I recall. Looking in a north-east direction, the memory of another scene presented itself. The height of the citadel towering over the city reminded me of the Castle Hill at Edinburgh; the Nile replaced in the view by the blue Firth of Forth; and the distant pyramids by a group of the Highland peaks as seen from the ramparts of the Scottish capital. The topograph-

ical similarity struck me, although the northern view is on a larger scale, and the desperate leap of the last of the Janissaries was scarcely so deep as into the Princes Street Gardens. I wonder if

the same idea occurred to any of the beholders of the same scene among the Scottish regiments who, by strange historical events, have lately occupied the citadel of Cairo
S. M.

L. S. D.

BY JOHN EVANS, D.C.L., LL.D. F.R.S.

II.

FIRST COPPER HALFPENCE AND FARTHING.

THE production of tokens as substitutes for a legitimate coinage was forbidden under severe penalties in 1672, and in that year—or rather in 1673—were issued the first copper halfpence and farthings made current as coins by royal authority. In size and weight they somewhat exceeded those of the present day, and they bore on the obverse the head of Charles II, as Charles the son of Charles, and on the reverse Britannia, with a seated female figure. The original of this figure appears to have been the beautiful Mrs. Stuart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond—a lady in considerable favour with the king—though the general design was borrowed from a coin of the Roman Emperor Hadrian.

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

With regard to the popular idea of the scarcity and value of these coins, it has often been said that only three were struck. The fact is that there exist no less than six varieties of them, though one kind only was struck for circulation, the others being patterns or trial pieces. These are some of them very rare, and the current farthing, though some hundreds must have been struck, is sufficiently scarce to be now appraised at nearly a thousand times its original value.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME SHILLING.

We must now turn from the aliquot parts of the penny to its multiples, and especially the shilling, which forms the second part of my subject. The derivation of the name of shilling is doubtful, but the word *scill* or *scilling* appears in the Anglo-Saxon laws so early as the seventh century. It has been regarded by various authors as derived from *scellan*, to sound; *scylan*, to divide; *sceale*, a scale in Saxon; others derive it from the Jewish *shekel*, and from *sicilicus*, a quarter of an ounce in Latin.

In mediæval times, however, the word shilling was always Latinised as *solidus*, a Roman coin, which was originally of gold, and about seventy grains in weight.

Though the term was so well known in Saxon times it was only in use in accounts, as shillings were then never coined. Even their nominal value varied; there being sometimes four pennies

and sometimes five to the shilling. From the writings of Ælfric, who flourished at the end of the tenth century, and from some other Saxon documents, it appears, however, that there was also a shilling of twelve pence, and that twenty of these shillings went to the pound, which also was in those times merely a money of account.

EARLY ENGLISH SHILLING.

Until the time of the Edwards, the penny, with an occasional issue of halfpence, was the only current silver coin of the realm. In the days of Edward I the desirability of some larger silver coin was felt, and in 1279 an agreement was made with William de Turnemire, of Marseilles, who had come over here to superintend the coinage, "that he should make a great sterling to be of the value of four lesser sterlings." This was in imitation of the *Gros Tournais* of the French coinage, and the word *gros* gave us the English gross or groat, a piece of fourpence. But very few of this first issue of groats are known. Their scarcity may have arisen from a disinclination on William de Turnemire's part to coin them, for he was bound by the agreement to account to the king for any extra profit that might arise from his coining large pieces instead of small. Under Edward III, however, groats and half-groats of the value of fourpence and twopence respectively formed an integral part of the coinage, and under the later Edwards and Henrys were struck in as great abundance as the pennies.

The shilling of twelve pence was still the unit of account in silver, but no attempt was made to introduce it as an actual coin. It was reserved for Henry VII, who, as we shall subsequently see, was the first to introduce the pound in gold, to strike the first shilling in silver. This was done in 1504, but the issue seems to have been but small, as specimens of the coins are extremely rare. The king is represented in profile with an arched crown, and with the word *Septimus* introduced into his titles as King of England and France. I may say that with the exception of Henry III he was the first of our kings to place the numeral after his name, and that he was also the first since the time of Henry I to appear in an arched crown and to have his portrait represented in profile. The full-faced busts on the coins of the earlier Henrys, Edwards, and Richards, are rather representations of kings in general than of

any individual monarch. On the reverse of the shilling, around a shield, with the arms of France and England quarterly, is the legend, *Posui Deum Adjutorem meum*—"I have placed God as my helper"—a text which first appears on the groats of Edward III.

SHILLINGS OF HENRY VIII.

Under Henry VIII shillings continued to be issued, and in greater abundance than under his father. They belong, however, to the latter end of his reign, and many of them are of very base metal. On the obverse is the full-faced bust of the king, and on the reverse his badge of a crowned rose, the memory of which survives in the sign of so many country inns, The Rose and Crown. In diameter the shillings of Henry VIII are as large as our half-crowns, though they are much thinner. The name by which they were usually known was testoons. Some of Heywood's epigrams point to the base money of Henry VIII and Edward VI.

"OF TESTONS.

Testons begone to Oxforde, God be their speed,
To study in Brasen nose there to proceed.

OF REDDE TESTONS.

These testons looke redde ; how like you the same ?
Tis a token of grace : they blushe for shame."

In one of Latimer's sermons before Edward VI he alludes to a change in the legend on the shilling. "We have now," he says, "a pretty little shilling; indeed, a very pretty one. I have but one, I think, in my purse, and the last day I had put it away almost for an old groat, and so I trust some will take them. The fines of the silver I cannot see, but therein is printed a fine sentence, that is, '*Timor domini fons vite vel sapientie*'—The feare of the Lord is the fountayne of life or wisdom. I would God this sentence were always printed in the hart of the king in choosing his wife, and in al his officers." For this he was accused of speaking seditiously, as he says in another sermon, in which he brings in the text, "*Argentum tuum versum est in scoriam*"—"Thy silver is turned into, what ? into testions ? *Scoriam* into dross."

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF OUR ENGLISH SILVER COINAGE.

Whether preached into doing so or not, Edward proceeded with a reform of the coinage, and by the end of his short reign the standard, which at one time stood at three ounces silver to nine ounces alloy, was brought back to eleven ounces one dwt. of silver and nineteen dwts. alloy, or nearly to the old standard, though the weight of the shilling, which had been 120 grains under Henry VIII, was reduced to ninety-six. His shillings of fine silver are common enough. They have a full-faced bust, with a rose on one side of it, and XII on the other, to show the value, and on the reverse the old *Posui* legend reappears. Their

comparatively abundant preservation is not improbably due to these Edward shillings having been the favourite coin with which to play the old game of shovelboard. Edward VI was the first to introduce silver crowns, half-crowns, and sixpences.

Under Philip and Mary the issue of shillings of fine silver was continued, and the two were represented facing each other, in imitation of the manner in which Ferdinand and Isabella were represented on their Spanish coins.

We have all heard Butler's lines in Hudibras—

"Still amorous and fond and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling ;"

but from a letter from Anne, wife of Bishop Hooper, to Henry Bullinger, it would appear that the Reformers of the Church of England found another similitude on these coins—"Your god-daughter Rachel sends you an English coin on which are the effigies of Ahab and Jezebel."

The shilling continued to present much the same appearance from the reign of Elizabeth down to the early part of that of Charles II, when the process of coining by machinery came into general use in the Mint. Some few of the coins of Elizabeth and Charles I, as well as the beautiful pattern pieces of Oliver Cromwell, had been struck by "the mill and screw," but for the ordinary coins the dies were struck with a hammer. The milled shillings are smaller in diameter and at the same time thicker than the hammered pieces, and the legends are confined to the names and titles of those who struck them, texts and mottoes no longer appearing on the reverses. Many of the old hammered coins remained in circulation with the new, and were so worn by use, to say nothing of their being clipped down by rogues, that in 1696 a reformation of the coinage became necessary, and country mints were again established at Bristol, Exeter, Chester, Norwich, and York, in addition to the principal Mint in the Tower of London. Nearly £7,000,000 of silver was coined in about three years, and the total cost and loss on the coins called in amounted to about £2,700,000. This recoinage, with large additions under Anne and the first two Georges, kept the silver currency in fair order until towards the middle of the last century. From 1760 to 1810 not more than £60,000 of silver was coined, and the condition of the currency in 1798 may be judged from the fact that in a pound troy of shillings then current there were eighty-two pieces instead of only sixty-two, and 200 sixpences instead of 124. It was not, however, until 1810 that anything was done to reform the silver coinage, but in that year the great recoinage commenced, when silver ceased to be a legal tender for sums exceeding two guineas, and our shillings were coined at the rate of sixty-six to the pound troy instead of sixty-two. By 1819 upwards of 50,000,000 of these coins had been struck, and upwards of 30,000,000 sixpences.

ORIGIN OF THE POUND.

The pound was in early times, as indeed it is at present, the name of a weight as well as of a coin.

In it there were 240 pennyweights, so that originally the pound weight of silver corresponded with the money pound of account. We have, however, in England had at least three pounds—the avoirdupois of 7,000 grains troy; the troy pound of 5,760 grains; and the Tower pound of 5,400 grains troy. The two latter pounds only have been used in our coinage. The Tower pound was in use up to the year 1522, when the troy pound, which was heavier by three-quarters of an ounce, was substituted for it.

The name seems to have been derived from the Latin *pondo*, a pound, which was itself closely allied with the word *pondus*, a weight.

In money, the pound of account, which consisted of twenty shillings—also as we have seen money of account—dates back to Saxon times.

FIRST ENGLISH GOLD COINS.

No gold currency (English as distinct from British or Roman) existed before the Conquest, nor indeed until nearly two centuries afterwards. It was not until the reign of Henry III, in the year 1257, that any attempt was made to establish an English gold coinage. In that year the king coined what was termed a penny of the finest gold, of the weight of two silver pennies, and ordered it to be current for twenty pence. But the citizens of London protested against these coins, and they never became popular. They must, however, have been well worth their nominal value, as in 1265 it was enhanced to twenty-four pence, or two shillings. Whether from their having been melted down before this rise in value, or from but very few having been struck, they are at the present day extremely rare, not more than four or five specimens being known. They bear on the obverse the seated figure of the king, and on the reverse a double cross with roses in the angles, and the name of the moneyer around.

Nearly a century elapsed before another attempt was made to introduce a gold coinage, but in 1343 or 1344 it was determined by Edward III and his council that three sorts of gold money should be made in the Tower of London, to be current for six shillings, three shillings, and eighteenpence respectively. As their weight was regulated in accordance with the gold florins of Florence, these pieces appear to have been known as the florin, the half, and the quarter florin. They were, however, overvalued in proportion to the silver coins of the period, and were almost at once called in. So rare are they now that only two each are known of the two larger denominations, and four or five of the smallest.

THE ENGLISH GOLD NOBLE.

The abolition of the gold florins was immediately followed by the striking of a new gold coin with a purely English type and name, the noble, of which also the half and quarter were struck. On the obverse is a figure of the king disproportionately large to a ship in which he is standing, and holding a sword and a shield with the royal arms. This type was commemorative of the great

victory gained over the French fleet off Sluys in 1340, when some 30,000 of the enemy were killed and 230 large ships taken. As an old author has described it—

“—four things our noble sheweth to me :
King, ship, and sword, and power of the sea.”

On the reverse is a highly ornamental cross with the legend around, “JESUS AUTEM TRANSIENS PER MEDIUM ILLORUM IBAT.” By some this legend has been regarded as bearing reference to some alchemical production of pure gold by an invisible and secret art among the ignorant; but the fact seems to be that the text was in common use as a charm against thieves. In the travels of Sir John Maundeville, contemporary of Edward III, is a reference to the origin of this superstition.

THE ROSE NOBLE AND THE ANGEL.

The first nobles coined were of nearly pure gold, and weighed over 138 grains. They were current for six shillings and eightpence, so that three went to the pound of account. The weight of the silver coins having been reduced, that of the noble was also brought down to 120 grains. In 1414 it was again reduced to 108 grains; and, under Edward IV, it reappeared in a new form as the rial or royal piece of 120 grains, with the value of eight shillings and fourpence, shortly afterwards raised to ten shillings. At the same time a new gold coin, the angel, so called from its having the figure of St. Michael upon it, was coined. The value stood for nearly a hundred years at the sum, still well known in legal circles, of six and eightpence.

The rial, or, as it is often called, the rose noble, on account of its having Edward IV's badge of the rose and sun in its centre, having attained to the value of ten shillings, the way was prepared for the coinage of a pound which should be equal to two rials, or three angels.

THE GOLD SOVEREIGN.

Accordingly, in 1489, the fifth year of Henry VII, a new money of gold was ordered to be made in the Tower of London, twenty-two and a half of which were to be coined out of the pound weight Tower, and which was to be called the sovereign, and to have course in receipts and payments for twenty shillings sterling; the weight of the coin thus described was 240 grains troy, or exactly half-an-ounce, so that at that time a grain of gold, 23½ carats fine, was worth a penny, the present value being about twopence farthing. The reason why the piece should have been called a sovereign is apparent when we examine the coin, for the type of the obverse is the sovereign seated in state, and holding the sceptre and the orb and cross. The legend on the obverse gives the name of Henry, with his titles, as King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, while on the reverse is the crowned shield of France and England placed upon a Tudor rose, around which runs the time-honoured legend of the noble, “Jesus autem,” etc. The later sovereigns of Henry VII present several

varieties in the details of the type, but are all of the same weight, and were current at the same rate. Similar coins were struck under Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth, but the value was gradually enhanced to 22s. 6d., 24s., 26s. 8d., and finally to 30s.

The twenty-shilling piece was, however, continued in another form, and only 22 carats fine, and was known as the pound sovereign. Its weight was at first 200 grains, but was gradually reduced to 172.

Under the Stuarts the weight came down to 154 grains, and finally to 140, the pound being then known as the unit from the legend on the coins of James I, *TUEATUR UNITA DEUS*.—Under the Commonwealth the pound still survived, and the twenty-shilling piece has on the one side the "Commonwealth of England," and on the other "God with us"—a circumstance of which the Royalists took advantage in their remark that God was on one side and the Commonwealth on the other.

THE GUINEA.

After the Restoration the pound was again coined, and the pieces obtained the name of the guinea, from the gold of which they were made having been brought from Guinea by the African Company. Their value was soon enhanced to 21s., and the name in connection with that sum has survived to our time, though the guinea has now

the ancient peculiarity of the pound in being merely money of account.

From the time of Charles II guineas continued to be struck, but as the basis of our coinage was silver, their value in currency was constantly fluctuating, and though Acts of Parliament were occasionally passed to regulate their value, the law of demand and supply was too powerful, and guineas were sometimes, as for instance in the reign of William III, worth thirty shillings when Parliament said they were worth only twenty-six, or at most twenty-eight.

Even in the present century the case has been nearly the same, and there must be many still living who remember the time when the guinea in England was commonly worth twenty-seven shillings, and in Ireland considerably more.

VALUE AND WEIGHT OF CURRENT SOVEREIGN

At length on July 1st, 1817, a proclamation was issued making current "a piece of the value of twenty shillings, and of the weight of five penny-weights, three grains $\frac{2740}{10000}$ troy weight of standard gold," such piece to "be called a sovereign or twenty-shillings piece." An Act of Parliament of 1816 had already provided that these coins should henceforth be "the sole standard measure of value and legal tender for payment without any limitation of amount," and such they have continued to be, and such I, for one, hope they may long continue to remain.

WILLIAM JACKSON, OF EXETER, MUSICIAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

VII.

GAINSBOROUGH'S LETTERS TO WILLIAM JACKSON.

"FOR a letter to an intimate friend, Gainsborough had few equals and no superior.

It was like his conversation, gay, lively—fluttering round subjects which he just touched, and away to another—expressing his thoughts with so little reserve that his correspondents, considering the letter as a part of their friend, *had never the heart to burn it*."—W. JACKSON.

Bath, September 2nd.

My dear Jackson,—I should have wrote to you sooner, but have been strangely hurried since I left Exeter. In my way home I met Lord Shelburne, who insisted on my making him a short visit, and I don't repent going (though I generally do to all lords' houses), as I met with Mr. Dunning [afterwards Lord Ashburton] there.

There is something exclusive of the clear and deep understanding of that gentleman most exceedingly pleasing to me. He seems the only man who talks as Giardini plays, if you know what I mean. He puts no more motion than what goes to the real performance, which constitutes that ease and

gentility peculiar to clever fellows, each in their way. I observe his forehead juts out, and mine runs back a good deal more than common, which accounts for some difference betwixt our parts, no doubt; but he has an uncommon share of brains, and those disposed so as to overlook all the rest of his parts, let them be ever so powerful. He is an amazing compact man in every respect, and as we get a sight of everything by comparison, only think of the difference betwixt Mr. Dunning, almost motionless, with a mind brandishing like lightning from corner to corner of the earth, whilst a long, cross-made fellow only flings his arms about like thrashing-flails, without half an idea of what he would be at. And besides this neatness in outward appearance, his storeroom seems cleared of all French ornaments and gingerbread work; everything is simplicity and elegance, and in its proper place; no disorder or confusion in the furniture, as if he were going to remove. Sober sense and great acuteness are marked very strong in his face, but if those were all, I should only admire him as a great lawyer, but there is a genius (in our sense of the word) that shines in all he says.

In short, Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, I begin to think that there is something in the air of Devonshire that grows clever fellows. I could name four or five of you superior to the product of any other county in England.

Pray make my compliments to one lady who is neat about her mouth, if you can guess, and

Believe me, most faithfully yours,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Dear Jackson,—I will confess to you that I think it unpardonable in me not to speak seriously upon a subject of so much consequence as that which has employed us of late, therefore you shall now have my thoughts without any humming, swearing, or affectation of wit. Indeed, my affection for you would naturally have led me that way before now, but that I am soon lost if I pretend to reasoning, and you, being all regularity and judgment, I own provoke me the more to break loose, as he who cannot be correct is apt to divert the eye with a little freedom of handling. But no more of it. I must own your calculations and comparison betwixt our different professions to be just, provided you remember that in mine a man may do great things and starve in a garret, if he does not conquer his passions and conform to the common eye in choosing that branch which they will encourage and pay for. Now there cannot be that difference betwixt music and painting unless you suppose that the musician voluntarily shuns the only profitable branch, and will be a chamber counsel when he might appear at the Bar. You see I am out of my subject already.

But now in again! If music will not satisfy you without a certainty (which, by-the-by, is nonsense, begging your pardon, for there is no such thing in any profession), then I say, be a painter. You have more of the painter than half those that get money by it.

You want a little drawing and the use of pencil and colours, which I could put into your hand in one month without meddling with your head. I propose to let that alone if you'll let mine off easy! There is a branch of painting next in profit to portraiture, and quite in your power, without any more drawing than I'll answer for your having, which is drapery and landscape backgrounds.

Perhaps you don't know that while a face painter is harassed to death, the drapery painter sits and earns his five or six hundred a year and laughs all the while. Your next will be to tell me what I know as well as yourself, viz., that I am an impertinent coxcomb. This I know, and will speak out if you kill me for it—that you are too modest, too diffident, too sensible, and too honest ever to push in music.

Yours,

T. G.

Dear Jackson,—I am so pleased with both your remarks and your indigo that I know not which to admire most, or which to think most of immediate use. The indigo you leave me in doubt whether there be any more to be got, whereas I am pretty sure of some more of your thoughts now that we are fairly settled into a correspondence. Your observations are like all yours—just, natural, and not common. Your indigo is clear, like your understanding, and pure, like your music, not to say exactly of the same blue of that heaven from whence all your ideas are reflected. To say the truth of your indigo, 'tis delightful, so look sharp for some more (and I'll send you a drawing), and for your thoughts, I have often flattered myself I was just going to think so. The lugging in objects, whether agreeable to the whole or not, is a sign of the least genius of anything, for a person able to collect in the mind will certainly group in the mind also, and if he cannot master a number of objects so as to introduce them in friendship, let him do but a few, and that you know, my boy, makes simplicity. One part of a picture ought to be like the first part of a tune—that you guess what follows, and that makes the second part of the tune; and so I've done. The harp is packed up to come to you, and you shall take it out with Miss —, and I'll not take anything for it, but give it to you to twang upon when you can't twang upon Mrs. Jackson, to whom pray my compliments, if there is no impropriety in the introduction. However, please to believe me what I really am,

Yours most sincerely,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Bath, February 14th, 1769.

Dear Jackson,—I have not had time since my hurry of finishing two full-lengths and a landscape to answer your last two letters. . . . I fear, my lad, I shall have it this exhibition, for never were such slight dabs presented to the eyes of a million; but I grow dauntless out of sheer stupidity as I grow old, and I believe any one that plods on in any one way, especially if that one way will bring him bread and cheese as well as a better, will grow the same. . . . Thanks for the indigo; a little of it goes a long way, which is lucky. Adieu, dear Jackson, and believe me most truly and

Sincerely yours,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Bath, August 23rd.

My dear Jackson,—I admire your notions of most things, and do agree with you that these might be exceedingly pretty pictures painted of the kind you mention. But are you sure you don't mean, instead of the flight into Egypt, my flight out of Bath? Do you consider, my dear sir, what a deal of work history pictures require to what little dirty subjects of coal horses and jackasses, and such figures as I fill up with? No, you don't consider anything about that part of the story; you design faster than any man, or any thousand men, could execute.

There is but one flight I should like to paint, and that is yours out of Exeter, for while your numerous and polite acquaintance encourage you to talk so cleverly, we shall have but few productions, real and substantial productions. But to be serious (as I know you love to be), do you really think that a regular composition in the landscape way should ever be filled with history, or any figures but such as fill a place (I won't say stop a gap), or to create a little business for the eye, to be drawn from the trees in order to return to them with more glee? I did not know that you admired those tragi-comic pictures, because some have thought that a regular history picture may have too much background, and the composition hurt by not considering what ought to be principal. But I talk now like old Square-toes. There's no rule of that kind, says you, but then, says I, You lie. If I had but room and time before Palmer seals his packet I'd trim you! I have been riding out with him this morning.

Adieu, T. G.

My dear Jackson,—I will suppose all you say about my exhibition pictures to be true, because I have not time to dispute it with you. I am much obliged to you, and wish I could spend a few days with you in town, but I have begun a large picture of Tommy Linley and his sister, and cannot come.

I suppose you know the boy is bound for Italy the first opportunity. Pray do you remember carrying me to a picture-dealer's somewhere by Hanover Square, and my being struck with the leaving and touch of a little bit of tree, the whole picture not above eight or ten inches high, and about a foot long? I wish, if you have time, that you would inquire what it might be purchased for, and give me one line more whilst you stay in town. If you can come this way home, that one may enjoy a day or two of your company, I shall be heartily glad. I can always make up a bed for a friend without any trouble, and nobody has a better claim to that title, or a better title to that claim, than yourself.

Believe me, Dear Jackson,

Yours most truly,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

May 11th, 1768.

My dear Jackson,—Now you seem to lay too much stress upon me, and show yourself to be a serious fellow. I question, if you could splice all my letters together, whether you would find more connection and sense in them than in landscapes joined where half a tree was to meet half a church to make a principal object.

I should not think of pretending to reproach you, who are a regular system of philosophy, a reasonable creature, and a particular fellow. If I meant anything it was this, that many a real genius is lost in the fictitious character of a gentleman, and that as many of these creatures are continually courting you, possibly you might forget (what I, without any merit to myself remember, from mere shyness) that they

make no part of the artist. Depend upon it, Jackson, you have more sense in your little finger than I have in my whole body and head. I am the most inconsistent, changeable being, so full of fits and starts, that if you mind what I say it will be shutting your eyes to some purpose. . . . I am only sensible of meaning and of having said that I wish you lived nearer me.

Yours up to the hilt,
T. G.

January 25th, 1777.

Dear Jackson,—I suppose I never drew a portrait half so like the sitter as my silence since the receipt of your last resembles neglect and ingratitude, owing to two of the crossdest accidents that ever attended a poor fiddler. First and most unfortunately, I have been four times after Bach and have never laid eyes on him; and secondly and most provokingly, I have had a parcel made up of two drawings and a box of pencils such as you wrote for, ever since the day after I received your favour inclosing the tenths, and directed for you to go by the Exeter coach, which has laid in my room by the neglect of two blockheads—one my nephew, who is too proud to carry a bundle under his arm, though his betters, the journeymen tailors, do so, and my cowardly footman, who, forsooth, is afraid to peep into the street for fear of being pressed into sea-service (the only service he was made for!)—so that, my dear Jackson, if it was not for your being endowed with Job's patience, I should think myself deservedly for ever shut out of your favour; but surely I shall catch Bach soon, to get you an answer to your letter, and for the drawings, I'll carry them myself to the inn to-morrow.

There is a letter of nonsense inclosed with the drawings, to plague you once more about sixths and tenths, which you may read or not as you happen to be in humour when you see the drawings. Till then I'm sure you can't bear the sight of my odious hand, so no more at present, as the saying is, but

Yours sincerely,
T. G.

Pall Mall.

You hear, I suppose, that all the lords and members have given up their privilege of franking, to ease the taxes. I'm sorry for it.

My dear Jackson,—I am much obliged to you for your last letter and the lessons received before. I think I now begin to see a little into the nature of modulation and the introduction of sharps and flats, and when we meet you shall hear me play extempore. My friend Abel has been to visit me, but he made but a short stay, being obliged to go to Paris for a month or six weeks, after which he has promised to come again. There never was a poor wretch so fond of harmony with so little knowledge of it, so that what you have done is pure charity.

I'm sick of portraits, and wish very much to take my *viol da gam*, and walk off to some sweet village where I can paint landscapes, and enjoy the fag-end of life in quietness and ease. But these fine ladies, with their tea-drinkings, dancings, husband-huntings, &c., &c., will job me out of the last ten years, and I fear miss getting husbands too.

But we can say nothing to these things, you know, Jackson; we must jog on, and be content with the jingling of the bells only. I hate kicking up a dust and being confined in harness, to follow the track whilst others ride in the waggon, under cover, stretching their legs in the straw at ease, and gazing at green trees and blue skies without half my taste. That's hard. My comfort is that I have five *viol da gambas*, three sayes, and two barak normans.

Adieu, dear Jackson, and

Believe me ever and sincerely yours,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Bath, June 4th.

NOTE.—To the above narrative it may be added, for the information of the reader, that William Jackson, of Exeter, raised himself and his family, by his talent as a musician and an artist, much above their original position in life. His son William Jackson went to India in the Civil Service, and was afterwards sent as one of the Commissioners to China in Lord Amherst's expedition. Returning with an ample fortune, he married Miss Frances Baring, daughter of Mr. Charles Baring, of Exeter. She was one of a family of beautiful and accomplished sisters, one of whom married Sir Stafford Northcote, another Sir Samuel Young, grandfathers of the present baronets. As Mr. Jackson (of the Indian Civil Service) had no family, he and his wife adopted and educated an orphan relative of his own, William Elmsley, who became a successful lawyer, Q.C., and County Court Judge of Derbyshire. To him Mr. Jackson bequeathed his father's autobiography and many art treasures collected by him.

SQUIRE LISLE'S BEQUEST.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AN ENCOUNTER ON THE DOWNS.

ONE of Aveline's duties was still to take the now elderly dogs for exercise. Madame determined that an early walk would be good for Loulou. Aveline, nothing loth, proposed a run on the downs before breakfast; madame agreed, and one delightful morning Aveline and the pets were on the summit of the downs at eight o'clock. Mrs. Moore was not well, and her mother was in attendance on her, so Aveline was easy in her mind for the moment. Her temperament, like her tread, was elastic, and the delicious air of the downs seemed to lend wings both to soul and body. She and the dogs chased one another until they were tired, and then they all sat down to rest and to contemplate the glorious prospect before them. The wide expanse of cultivated meadow-land, the cornfields ready for the sickle, the woods, scattered farmsteads, and mazy paths—all shone beneath the

risen sun; while the waters of the distant Solent glowed with the reflection of his wondrous face, and the broad and blue Medina flowed majestically into it. The downs, too, with their adornments of gorse, heather, and bracken, were all alive with golden light, and each harebell and sprig of wild thyme rejoiced in the glory of the morn. Diamond dewdrops still hung on the thorn and glistened on the turf here and there, but these were quickly absorbed into the fount of day. The sky was serenely blue, flecked now and again with cloud-lets, save where, in the east, the purple and golden hues of morn yet lingered. Beneath the down lay the manor and hamlet of Lisle, and so peaceful did they look, that Aveline found herself wondering that ills of life could disturb them. So wondering, her prayers rose to heaven for each inmate of manor and vicarage as well as of cottage homes,

and finally lingered with her mother. Her heart was always full of thanksgiving for the restoration of that dear parent, and she tried to forget petty jealousies and worries in this absorbing thought.

Still, her mother was a mystery even to her, and it pained her that she would not confide to her the history of her early life. It was pleasant to her to watch the window of the room in which she knew she was, and to see that it sparkled like gold. It was delightful to her to feel that all her early protectors were so near, yet she felt that it must soon be her and her mother's lot to seek a home elsewhere. Can we wonder that a vision of Leonard and Captain Moore should present itself? or that her radiant face should grow more radiant still beneath the sheltering straw hat?

"Never, never!" she exclaimed aloud, and the dogs jumped up as if summoned to proceed.

They did, in effect, run forward, but it was to meet another dog, with whom they began to make instant acquaintance. Aveline looked round and saw a countryman approaching.

"It is Dan Lane," she exclaimed, jumping up. "Oh, Dan, I am glad to see you. Do you remember me?" she added, holding out her hand. "You found my dear mamma."

"I know you be the little miss as Biles vound asleep," replied Dan, looking sheepish, "vor he told me as you and your ma was come back again; I be glad to zee 'ee."

"Where is Toby?" asked Aveline.

"He be dead, but this dog be Toby too," replied Dan.

While Aveline stooped to pat Toby the Second, Leonard appeared in the opposite direction.

"You are an early bird, Aveline," he exclaimed, when he recognised her, and held out his hand, giving the other to Dan, who shook it heartily, albeit it was the left.

Dan proceeded on his way, and Leonard accompanied Aveline. They were silent awhile as they trod the springy turf. Leonard spoke first.

"I have been seeking an opportunity of seeing you again before returning to London, and now chance has provided it. Your mother says you look on me as your *brother*"—his voice sounded almost bitter—"so you will forgive my speaking to you as such. Do you know what induced your mother to come to the manor, or perhaps to the village, the day of the squire's funeral?"

"I asked her the question, and her answer was that she had heard of Lisle when young, and that wishing to put the sea between her and her fear of the asylum, she came to the Island."

"Strange! Why did you take her to see those graves?"

"She asked me to do so."

"Did you ever see any member of your mother's family?"

"Never that I remember."

"Would you mind telling me her Christian name?"

"Evelyn. My father changed it to Aveline for me."

"Evelyn! Evelyn! I like Aveline best, perhaps, because it's yours, my *sister*. That word would be pleasant if you were really my sister."

Leonard paused as he pronounced these words, as if meditating on each sentence. Aveline was silent.

"You will be glad to learn that I have now an assured position, at least for the present," he resumed.

"Yes; I wanted to congratulate you," she replied, trembling.

"That sounds a cold word from your lips. It is what people say when 'a marriage is arranged' or a baby born. Everybody, except my uncle, has been saying to me, 'Let me congratulate you.' It is like the word sympathise when one is knocked down by a sudden affliction."

"I am very, very glad," exclaimed Aveline, turning upon him her radiant face.

"Then, why will you not give me the right to protect you and your mother? You will need aid, dear Aveline, in the hard struggles of life. I could work for three as well as one. You need never be parted from her."

She stayed her steps, held out her hands, and looked into his face. Her eyes were full of tears, but oh! how fair she was!

"Don't, don't tempt me so!" she said, as he clasped the hands. "What would they say if I dragged you down to our level? They think me designing and hypocritical now, what would they think then?"

"They? Who?"

"Every one except the chevalier, and perhaps Helen. Dear madame would never have imagined evil but for unkind tongues. I see it all clearly now. Lilywhite is at work again, and—and—others. Ah! I wish I had kept my resolution of leaving with mamma when first I found her. But it seemed ungrateful to refuse to remain when my benefactors asked me to stay, for have they not all been benefactors?"

"You were right to remain, dear Aveline. But oh! come now to me, and let me shield you from harm and suspicion."

"I must not—I cannot. You are my first, best friend; my—my dearest brother. Shall it be said that as soon as your prospects brighten I darken them?—that I burden you not only with myself, the Blue School girl, the little servant, the humble *protégée*, but with my insane mother!"

"You are proud, Aveline."

"I am. Too proud for this."

"And you would sacrifice my happiness for a chimera?"

"No, no. I would serve you as—as the domestic that I am. I pray for you always. You are ever in my thoughts. You have been my good angel from that moment when first I saw you at the porch of the old church below, and you are so still. When I am rebellious-minded I think of you; when they suspect me, I know that you believe in me."

"But they no longer suspect you, dear child. Your mind is overwrought. That silly fancy of madame's has been dispelled, and your devotion to poor Lisle has won all hearts."

"Not all. If they knew what you are saying to me this morning everything would be repeated. Poor Lisle! He cared for me!"

"And do not I, Aveline? Does not the chevalier, and, if I have heard aright, you have yet another."

"Hush! But for this I should still be happy, and madame and the rest would have been content with me. It was delightful at Fontainebleau till—"

"Till your rival, Quiz, came and stirred up strife, dear Aveline. Yet she is not bad at heart, only jealous. Like many others, she is always sinning and repenting."

"If only you had fixed on her instead of me!"

"That would neither have suited me nor her parents, Aveline; nor, indeed, herself. She is little fitted to be a poor man's bride; but you—"

"Yes. Thanks to your advice, I can do everything menial, from waiting on Frou, Frou and Loulu, to superintending the wardrobe of their mistress. See, they have been listening, and think I call them. Indeed, they want their breakfast! What o'clock is it? Hark! the old church clock is striking nine. And there is the manor breakfast-bell! What will they think? what will they say?"

Leonard kept pace with her, and continued the conversation. They had some distance to walk along the summit of the down before they reached the zigzag path that led to the village. Alone, each would have scrambled or slid down the turfy steep; together, they were willing to lengthen out the interview by a more circuitous way. Indeed, they again soon forgot the hour and breakfast in the all-engrossing argument of love. Breezes from the sea mingled with the fresh down air, and tended to invigorate both mind and body. "The cattle on a thousand hills" lowed and bleated on down and dale; the quivering, lengthening, sustained cadences of many larks filled the atmosphere with harmony, and the hum of busy insects still told that summer had scarcely yet resigned her sceptre to autumn. All conspired to exhilarate happy youth, for even Aveline, despite her complaints, was happy in that rapid walk with Leonard at her side. Yet he pleaded on, with small success. Although a tender-hearted and impressionable girl, she was resolute when roused, and he had not imagined so much decision to lie beneath what seemed a bright and equable exterior. But, then, he knew not the secret self-restraint of woman. He did not realise that in a state of dependence the most amiable, open, candid, joyous of the sex must still be in subjection. It was only with the chevalier that Aveline was quite unrestrained, and this was misinterpreted.

"I assure you I have been very happy always," she said, in answer to some anxious remark of Leonard's. "And now I have my dear mamma, what more can I desire?"

"What more? Oh, Aveline!" he said, reproachfully, and he saw that the colour rushed to her cheeks. "But I shall only torment you with one more question," he added.

"You do not torment me," she said, innocently, and he smiled.

"Were our situations reversed, and were you the rich lady and I the poor dependent, would you then give me hope?" he asked.

"I would then give you all I had—all my wealth, all my baronial halls, all my fair lands! If they reached from this down to yonder sea you should have them all!" she replied, with a radiant smile.

"And your heart—the richest gift of all?" he asked.

"As I have neither money nor land, I must not—cannot—say," she replied.

And with these words they reached the lane which led direct into the hamlet. In another minute they were midway between manor and vicarage. Here Leonard paused again for one more question, but not such as she feared yet almost hoped for.

"Will you ask your mother to grant me a private interview before I leave the country? I promise not to name to her the subject nearest my heart," was what he said.

"I will tell mamma of your wish; but how can it be managed?" she returned.

"Easily. I will call at the manor and ask to see her. If the answer is that she is engaged, I shall understand."

"May I not be present? Perhaps it may alarm her."

"You need not fear. But I wish to see her alone."

Aveline wondered, but she suddenly remembered the hour, and, with a mute pressure of the hand, they separated, the one entering the vicarage gate, the other hurrying through a private way to the manor.

They were not unobserved, for the inmates of both houses had been long expecting them. Mr. Churchhouse and Quiz saw them from the vicarage window, and Lilywhite had previously watched them coming from the down.

"I say, what have you and Aveline been about?" greeted Leonard from his uncle.

"Taking our morning constitutional. We met by chance, and have had a very pleasant walk," he replied, carelessly.

"We have finished breakfast, but your aunt has put the teapot and some buttered toast and bacon inside the fender. She thinks no end of you now you are a secretary," laughed Mr. Churchhouse.

"She is very kind, and I am very sorry to give trouble," said Leonard.

"Pour out his tea, Quiz," added Mr. Churchhouse, and, to his annoyance, Leonard soon found himself *tête-à-tête* with handsome Quiz.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—WHAT FOLLOWED THE WALK ON THE DOWNS.

"I HOPE you enjoyed your walk, Leonard," began Quiz, satirically, as she poured him out a cup of tea.

"I did, and I didn't," returned Leonard. "Enjoyment means getting what one wants, and that is just what I did not effect. But I got an appetite, which is something."

"I hope your walk with Aveline on the downs was more satisfactory than Captain Moore's in the forest of Fontainebleau. At any rate, she didn't

run away from you as she did from him," pursued Quiz.

"That is so far satisfactory," replied Leonard.

There was a silence, during which Quiz watched him as he demolished the lukewarm viands with good will.

"He cannot be disappointed," she thought, "or he would not eat so composedly. The captain is to renew his proposal at Christmas," she said, aloud. "I fancy, from Aunt Amicia's account, she will accept him. She is a lucky girl."

"Why is she lucky, Quiz? Because Moore admires her? Then you are also lucky, for he admires you."

"It is quite indifferent to me whether he admires me or not, Leonard. You men think we live only to be flattered by you."

"I did not say so, Quiz. It was you who considered Aveline so fortunate in securing Captain Moore's attentions."

"Of course a girl in her position is fortunate to have a chance of making a good match. But his parents would not approve. Aunt Amicia says that Mrs. Moore is much annoyed, in spite of her democratic American notions."

"Has she told her? How kind of Aunt Amicia! I wonder Mrs. Moore harbours her and her mother."

"It only came out the other day. Auntie and

Mrs. Moore were having a discussion about Aveline and her mother, and it slipped out like a stream of half-restrained water. You know how difficult it is for auntie to be secret."

"Or for any other woman. My dear Quiz, if the tongue is an 'unruly member' in man, it is untameable in your sex; for if it is bridled, even, it manages to whisper, just as a muzzled dog contrives to snap. Isabella is the only safe girl I know, for she speaks out her opinions. Your strong-minded female is less dangerous than your weak."

The pair looked at one another. Quiz drew herself up haughtily, and met Leonard's penetrating eyes for a moment unflinchingly; but they had a power over her that she could not resist—the power of truth. He who has no back-thought abashes scandal. She took up a fork and began nonchalantly to examine its crest.

"Forgive me, Quiz, if I am, as you say, severe," he resumed. "Aveline and I have been friends ever since I first tried to comfort her in this very house. I think I know her well, and I should believe in her, were she surrounded by a hundred chevaliers and beaux capitaines. What of the De Bellefontaine?"

Quiz coloured, and looked more inquiringly at the crest.

"At any rate, Aveline has not succeeded in adding him to her list," she said.



ON THE DOWNS.

"You have supplanted her there, Quiz. Madame la Marquise de Bellefontaine sounds well," he said, coldly.

Tears sprang to her eyes, and he repented his words. He had finished his breakfast, and, rising, went towards the window.

"Will you take a walk or ride with me to-day, Quiz?" he asked, gently. "We may do it with impunity, being, in some sort, cousins, and protected by respectable uncles and aunts. It seems hard, does it not, that the 'unprotected female' of this age cannot claim the same privilege?"

"If you mean Aveline, I am sure she has protectors enough! All my belongings are quite ready to assist her."

This word "assist" grated on Leonard's susceptibilities, which were unusually acute that morning, and Quiz saw that he looked annoyed. She was rather pleased than otherwise, and told him that she should be happy either to walk or ride with him, as circumstances permitted. He accordingly asked if they might use his uncle's cob and an old pony that had belonged to his cousins, and having received permission, they soon started for a scamper over the very downs trodden by him and Aveline in the morning.

Lilywhite, who saw everything, managed to inform Aveline. Now that she heard he was gone for a ride with Quiz a strange foreboding stole into her mind.

"He thinks I do not love him, and he must know that she cares for him," she thought. "Perhaps he will transfer his pitying affection for me to her. There would then be no obstacles. She is not, like me, a poor dependent, with a mother whom she can never leave, but in a good position, with sisters to supply her place. Then, how much handsomer she is than I am—more accomplished, better educated, but not, the chevalier thinks, so well read, and certainly not so good a French scholar. How vain I am! not that I have much to be vain of. Ah me! I dare say it might be all for the best; but I should lose my friend!—my first, best, dearest friend."

This prospect brought tears to her eyes, and while she ran into the library to dry them the chevalier came in. He had been very discreet since the Fontainebleau misapprehensions, but seeing the tears, he forgot all about them.

"What is it, ma petite? What have they been saying or doing now?" he said, taking her hand.

"Nothing—nothing, dear monsieur," she replied, with a little sob, when in came Madame d'Angère.

"Some one has been making her cry again, ma mie," he added to his wife, apologetically.

"She should not have walked so long alone with Leonard," replied madame. "Of course people will talk. You know they did before we were actually engaged, Alphonse."

"But you were married in spite of them," cried Aveline, with a smile as bright as her tears.

"Yes, but we never walked alone until we were engaged, and if Captain Moore should hear of it, he may not come forward again," returned madame.

She spoke rather warningly than unkindly, for

she was, happily, convinced of the unfounded nature of her suspicions, and had returned to perfect marital allegiance. She was, besides, slightly offended with Mrs. Moore for the line she took concerning her son, that lady having assured her that he meant nothing, and would not pursue his suit. Had Mrs. Moore known of this little Fontainebleau mystery before she engaged Mrs. Moore she would certainly not have asked her to remain at the manor, but have allowed her and Aveline to depart with such assistance as she could have offered them. Not expecting the captain, however, for some months, she let matters take their course, but was of opinion that she should have been informed of the proposal before Aveline took up her abode with the d'Angères at the manor.

Aveline had herself pondered much over these things, and had wondered whether Mrs. Moore was acquainted with her son's proposal. The allusion made to it by madame on the present occasion recalled the approach of Christmas and its threatened renewal. She saw at once the need of decisive action, and, drying her tears, took it.

"Dear madame," she said, excitedly, "will you tell Captain Moore for me that I cannot change my mind? I would rather not see him again. Tell him I have found my dear mamma, and shall not marry. Say it kindly as he spoke to me. If you remain here, perhaps we had better leave before he comes. Indeed, under all circumstances, this is scarcely our place. Mrs. Moore has employed mamma partly out of charity, and you—dear madame—dear monsieur—you do not really want me."

Here her voice faltered.

"We do, we do," they cried, simultaneously.

"I love you dearly, dearly," she resumed. "You have been all in all to me, and I owe everything to you. But I cannot leave my dear mamma. You see, you understand this, and you have no position for her either here or at Fontainebleau. We both think we could keep a little school somewhere. She is accomplished and clever, and says she was educated at first-class schools. I could teach French, and help with the English. If we could live near you it would be perfect."

"But they want not the French teachers at Fontainebleau, mon enfant," said the chevalier, taking snuff, while madame put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I have thought of that," continued Aveline; "but there I might teach English. I could then see you every day. I could still walk with the dogs and do your dresses, dear madame, and sometimes read to you, dear monsieur, and now Fanchon knows your ways, and one of the Miss Dallimores might be on a visit, and you would not miss me."

"Yes, we should," said madame, plaintively, "for, as my Alphonse says, you are the child of our adoption."

This was too much for Aveline, and her tears again flowed, but she mastered them by a smile.

"If you will help me to find a place in France, perhaps mamma may be persuaded not to return."

to Australia," she continued. "She is not so much bent upon it as she was, and begins to take delight in English scenes. Do you not think she is quite—quite well?"

"We do. Every one does," replied the chevalier.

Aveline felt happier after this conversation, and when she next found her mother alone she related its purport to her. Therewith she confided to her Captain Moore's proposal, but withheld Leonard's, fearing that her poor mother might consider herself the cause of its refusal.

"We cannot remain here," said Mrs. Roone, decidedly. "Do you love him, my darling?"

"No, dear mamma," replied Aveline, shyly, laying her head on her mother's breast.

Afterwards they discussed Leonard's desire for a private interview, and the fond mother wondered if that were also caused by love for a daughter whom she was fain to consider "a rosebud of girls." She trembled and hesitated slightly, when she acquiesced in the wish, and the nervous manner alarmed Aveline. But when, not long after, Lilywhite appeared, and said, with an unpleasant air, that Mr. Leigh had called upon Mrs. Roone, she said, with calm self-possession, that she should be happy to see Mr. Leigh; would Lilywhite kindly show him up?

Aveline met Leonard on the landing, and showed him into the small sitting-room appropriated by Mrs. Moore to her mother, and then left them together. She silently breathed a prayer that whatever the subject of their interview, it might not disturb that dear parent's composure, and went to madame's room, where she was anxiously expected for a consultation over a magnificent black velvet cap, considered by the authorities slightly too ponderous for that lady's ethereal proportions.

"Think of Leonard making a special call on your mother, Aveline," began madame. "That shows what a gentleman he is. No beating about the bush, like Captain Moore, who asked me not to name it to his family."

"And I am afraid you have, dear madame?"

"Yes; but Quiz or the vicarage girls would have let it out if I hadn't. And now Mrs. Moore wants to see you."

"Me! You have not told her what I said this morning, dear madame?"

"No; the chevalier advised me not. I dare say she will be here directly."

Mrs. Moore came, indeed, at the moment, and was admitted. Aveline was frightened, though she had no reason to fear; for Mrs. Moore was a kind, good woman, who would not hurt a mouse, but who was yet easily roused when her children were concerned. Having begun by admiring the cap, turban, or helmet that lay upon the bed, she turned to Aveline, and asked her abruptly if she corresponded with her son, Captain Moore.

Aveline replied with a frightened "No," which Mrs. Moore scarcely heard.

"Because, if you do, you should not be walking alone with another young man, and making assignations with him, as I understand you have done," she added rapidly.

"I do not correspond with Captain Moore, and I never made an assignation in my life," answered Aveline, roused by this unexpected attack.

"But I am told my son went all the way to Fontainebleau to see you, and actually proposed for you!"

"That was not my fault, ma'am. I wish he had never done so."

"Yet you are taking a year to consider whether you will accept him or not?"

Aveline looked at Madame d'Angère, who took courage to say,

"That was a suggestion of the chevalier and Captain Moore. You see Aveline is young, and they thought she might change her mind."

"But I cannot; indeed I cannot," ejaculated Aveline.

Mrs. Moore, instead of being delighted, was displeased. A few minutes before she had intended to reproach Aveline for winning her son's heart; now she was angry at her rejecting it. But whatever she had to say was cut short by a tap at the door and the entrance of Lilywhite.

"Please, ma'am, do you know where master is? Mr. Leigh wants him directly. He come out of your mother's company, Aveline."

Aveline, fearing something had happened to her mother, left the room, and ran down a long corridor, where she suddenly met Leonard.

"What is the matter?" she gasped.

"Nothing; I merely want Mr. Moore," he replied.

Reassured, she volunteered to find him, and proceeded to the conservatory, where he was with his pipe and newspaper. She delivered her message, and told him where she had left Leonard. He walked off at once, and Aveline lingered a few minutes to collect her thoughts. It was now late in the afternoon, and she had passed a harassing day. But flowers always soothed and cheered her, and she turned with childish delight to these mute consolers. She wandered through the conservatory, now scenting a flower, now tenderly stroking a leaf, until her mind grew calm, and she stood awhile, silently reviewing the varied events of the past hours. She took herself to task for the unavoidable, and finally resolved to fly from all men, whether married or single. She began to think they were only created to torment the other sex. Then she smiled as she made an exception in favour of Leonard; but again she sighed and clasped her hands, remembering what she had said to him only that morning.

So thinking, she left the conservatory reluctantly to return to Madame d'Angère and the helmet. She was about to look into her mother's sitting-room as she passed it, but it was shut, and she heard voices within. She listened a moment, and Leonard's voice was distinctly audible, then Mr. Moore's, and finally her mother's gentler tones. They were evidently in grave discourse. What could they be talking about? It must be of her, and perhaps of Captain Moore and Leonard, or even of the chevalier and poor Lisle, for they all said they loved her. How perplexing life was? She only hoped they would not unsettle her mother's mind again amongst them, but would

allow them to quit the beautiful old manor peacefully, and seek their fortunes in another country or on another continent.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—PERSONAL AFFAIRS.

"WHAT is the matter, Quiz? You look quite put out," said Mrs. Churchhouse to her niece, after her return from her ride with Leonard.

"Nothing, aunt, except that the old pony will only trot," replied Quiz, drawing up her habit preparatory to leaving the room.

"You certainly deserve a good horse, Quiz, you look so handsome in your habit and hat. Sophia and Lucy were not such good horsewomen as you are. Did you ride when you were in France?"

"I rode with Captain de Bellefontaine when I was staying at his father's château. He is a magnificent rider!"

"Ah! the girls told me that he admired you very much. I have just had letters from them announcing their intention of coming home for Christmas. We shall be a large family party between the Moores and ourselves; and the chevalier and Amicia have decided to stay over Christmas. I'm sure I shall have difficulty in providing for them all; and Leonard says he will try to run down. What a clever, aristocratic-looking young man he is! Why, he is the talk of the Island!"

"You never expected him to become celebrated, aunt?"

"Certainly not; though they say at the grammar-school that they always thought he would be somebody some day."

"Nothing so easy as to foretell after the event, aunt. I will go and take off my things."

Quiz went to her room, but instead of taking off her things she looked out of the window on the surrounding downs. Neither she nor Leonard ever divulged what passed between them during their ride, but it had evidently been displeasing to her.

"They must be engaged, or he would not speak of her so," she muttered, turning from the window to the looking-glass. "Let them! Still, he almost said that she had refused him. Impossible! Yet I believe there is nothing she is not capable of doing. Let me be just, if not generous. She is better than I—less selfish and more deserving of love. But not so handsome, Quiz! not so handsome! It may not be said that Aveline Roone, the poor charity girl, made a better match than the daughter of Major Dallimore!"

She stood a moment before the glass, then paced the room, dragging the long habit after her. At last she threw the hat upon the bed, and sat down before a writing-table. Upon it was a letter, written on foreign paper, which had arrived while she was out. She contemplated the address on the envelope, then opened it, and looked at the signature of the letter. It was "Maximilien de Bellefontaine." The letter was in French, and her acquaintance with that language was so imperfect that she read it with difficulty. She had not, like Aveline, taken advantage of the chevalier's

instructions, but had preferred amusing herself with his mistakes in English. She understood, however, that it was a proposal of marriage, and her handsome face flushed and her heart beat quick as she strove to comprehend the elegant and flower language in which it was conveyed.

"I will accept him! I will consult the chevalier!" she exclaimed, in an excitement as unnatural as it was overpowering.

She threw off her habit and put on a walking-dress. She looked again into the glass and smiled at the reflection of the handsome and distinguished girl she was—handsomer than ever in her mourning dress.

"La belle marquise!" she exclaimed, satirically, repeating Leonard's words.

She ran downstairs, but was met by her aunt, who insisted on her having some luncheon before she went out again. She swallowed a few mouthfuls, saying that as they were all to dine late at the manor, luncheon did not signify.

"What is the matter with Quiz?" asked Mrs. Churchhouse of her husband, as she left the table.

"I should think she was in love. It is the common complaint of young people, and has lost us our daughters," replied the vicar, ruefully. "I hope Leonard hasn't caught it. He was not in time for breakfast, and now he isn't in for luncheon. He is generally punctual. Punctuality, like cleanliness, is next to godliness."

"He went to the manor, and will probably have luncheon there," returned Mrs. Churchhouse.

Quiz met the chevalier sauntering along the shrubbery, with a book of French poetry in one hand and his snuff-box in the other.

"I want to speak to you, uncle. Would you mind walking towards the pond with me?" she said, with agitation.

"Charmed!" he replied, and, putting his book under his arm, he accompanied her through the shrubberies, over the hill, and towards the silent, lonely pond. Thus, while Leonard was *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Roone, and Aveline undergoing her examination from Mrs. Moore, Quiz was confiding to the chevalier the proposal she had received from the son of his early friend. He asked if he might read the letter, and, after a little hesitation, she consented. He smiled and commented as he read aloud, translating certain sentences for the edification of the recipient.

"What do you think of it, uncle?" she inquired.

"That if you accept him you will have a much grander parti than has your aunt. His family, they are of the old régime—noble, sans peur et sans reproche. He is what you English call 'a fine fellow,' and his proposition is quite de règle. He will be a marquis and rich; but he is Catholique, and I think the man and his wife should be of the same faith."

"I could accommodate myself to that," said Quiz, whose religious convictions were transient, while her ambition was paramount.

"That is not the right word, my child. But if you love one another you will help each other to the truth according to Holy Scripture. It is, in

my opinion, the first point to be considered in matrimony."

Quiz had not expected the chevalier to take this serious view of the case, and she said there would be time enough to go into that part of it when she had made up her mind as to the rest. She was much excited, and he refrained from argument.

"It would reconcile your aunt to our château," he said. "She would have her desire in seeing you a marquise, and would feel no longer alone in a strange country, though the English are everywhere. Besides, if Aveline and her mother settle in Fontainebleau as teachers, we shall feel at home."

"Aveline and her mother!" echoed Quiz. "I for one have had enough of them."

"Yet Aveline has been of much service during our poor Lisle's illness," said the chevalier, sniffing, for he could never speak of the boy without feeling inclined to cry.

"Yes, yes, uncle," she replied. "Aveline is good and I am bad. I know it. I do her justice, but we are better apart."

To the chevalier's consternation, Quiz burst into tears. He was sympathetic, but understanding nothing, knew not how to console her. He took her hand, and, as he always did when moved, spoke to her in French. He told her that he knew how much she would feel leaving her home and friends, and advised her to consider well before she decided. They were seated where years before Leonard sat when he saw Aveline in the boat with Captain Moore and Lisle. The pond was silent, and the choristers had ceased to sing in the surrounding trees, but the autumn air was soft and fresh, and waved the shivering sedges.

"I am tired of life," sobbed Quiz.

"You shall not marry my friend de Bellefontaine in such a mood!" exclaimed the chevalier, majestically.

She composed herself, and forced a laugh, which sounded shrill in the sylvan silence.

"I am tired," she said. "The letter has excited me. We are all dull, and life is monotonous just now. In your airy France I shall be gay and light-hearted, as all your women are, or seem to be. You will not say how foolish I have been?"

"Certainly not," returned the puzzled Frenchman. "But you will consult your parents."

"To-morrow. I shall go home to-morrow. Thank you for explaining the letter. French lovers are not like English; their sentences are what we call perorations. I shall ask him to write in English, for I am ashamed of my French."

"It is not my fault that you are not as perfect in the language as Aveline," remarked the chevalier.

Quiz rose hastily, and they returned almost in silence. But the silence ceased when they separated. The loquacious chevalier went in search of his wife, and found her engaged with Aveline in reducing the proportions of the helmet aforementioned. Mrs. Moore had departed. He poured out the news at once. Madame was enchanted, having no religious scruples.

Aveline was puzzled, and even distressed, at the first announcement, for she believed her rival to be attached to Leonard; but this was succeeded by an unaccountable sense of relief. Thanks to madame, before the dinner-hour came Mrs. Moore was informed of the proposal, and she, naturally, passed it on to her husband, so that when the Moores and d'Angères met in the drawing-room, and sat awaiting their guests from the vicarage, they were discussing what madame called "her niece's delightful prospects." But Quiz had not been so communicative, and when she, her aunt, uncle, and Leonard arrived, they were taken aback by Madame d'Angère's greeting.

"My dearest Quiz, it is delightful!" she cried, throwing her arms theatrically round the annoyed girl. "Captain de Bellefontaine is charming. I do congratulate you. So elegant and refined. So aristocratic and handsome. Such eyes! such a moustache! And the son of my Alphonse's earliest friend. I shall be quite happy at Fontainebleau when you are within reach. It is such a beautiful name. It sounds so well. La Marquise de Bellefontaine. For, you know, the father is old, and will not live long."

"He is just one year younger than I am, ma mie," put in the chevalier, with a chuckle.

"But he is not in your robust health, mon Alphonse," said madame, slightly distressed.

"I will not make you my confidant again," whispered Quiz to him, irritably.

"What does it all mean?" asked the vicar. "Quiz, what have you been about? No wonder you have not said a satirical word all day!"

Dinner was announced, and Quiz was spared further questions—for the subject was too delicate for discussion before the servants.

"Is not Aveline coming?" asked Mr. Moore.

"She has dined with her mother," replied his wife, briefly.

They, also, had been discussing their son's proposal to Aveline, and had disagreed concerning it.

The dinner was not particularly cheerful, for all the party, save Mr. and Mrs. Churchhouse, seemed preoccupied. When it came to an end, and the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, madame resumed her delighted cackle over her niece's prospects, and the truth evolved. Quiz did not dislike the prestige of the affair, and bore all the comments and inquiries of the three married ladies composedly; and when she thought that Leonard was probably listening to the chevalier's account of it at the same time, vanity and wounded pride changed to triumph.

Men are more reticent than women, and when her male friends joined them they refrained from congratulating her on what was, evidently, an unsettled love affair. She bore herself royally amongst them, and Leonard was almost pained by her cold, distant manner. Perhaps she also considered him cold and distant, and this strengthened her resolutions.

Aveline did not appear. She had been solicited to join the party both at dinner and in the evening, but had asked to be excused upon plea of her mother's loneliness. In addition to this, she

could not face the company after what had been said of Leonard and Captain Moore in connection with herself. She was, indeed, anxious to leave the manor entirely before the captain's possible arrival. She sounded her mother on the subject as they sat quietly together. They were nominally at work, but the pressure of circumstances seemed to make their fingers listless, and the needles crept lazily through the fabrics on which they were engaged. Mrs. Roone was finishing a piece of embroidery, to help Mrs. Moore; Aveline was doing an antimacassar in crewel-work, as a Christmas present for madame.

"Perhaps I am wrong to prevent your returning to Australia, dear mamma," began Aveline, glancing anxiously at her mother's pale face and knitted brow. "Should Miss Elizabeth Dallimore marry Captain de Bellefontaine, the chevalier and madame could do without me, having her within reach."

"Mr. and Mrs. Moore seem to wish us to remain here for the present," returned her mother, hesitating.

"I cannot yet quite understand why Mr. Leonard brought Mr. Moore to this room. I hope it had nothing to do with my unfortunate walk this morning, dear mamma?"

"Nothing whatever, Aveline. Mr. Moore wished to see me—or—your kind friend, Mr. Leonard, wished him to see me—and they came together."

"Did you like Mr. Moore?"

"Oh, yes! He was—he was—almost like a father. And he is very fond of you, my darling. He said Mrs. Moore was so much better since I had been with her that he hoped we should stay here as long as they did. If you do not object, I think it a good plan."

Mrs. Roone spoke excitedly, and Aveline, whose way it was never to contradict her, assented at once. But she was not satisfied as regarded the visit of the gentlemen, though she did not venture to press the subject. Her object was to keep her mother's mind as much at ease as possible, and though she longed to confide her own secrets and anxieties to her, she refrained, lest they should excite her. Still, she asked herself continually, why was she excluded if Leonard and Mr. Moore said nothing particular to her mother when they were all closeted together? And why this sudden desire to remain in England, when at one time her wish was to return to Australia?

"You are very thoughtful, dear child," said Mrs. Roone, suddenly. "You are generally so bright and cheerful that one notices a change. For myself, to be with you, free, and in my right mind, is happiness enough, whether here or elsewhere. But you must not be sacrificed. When I was at Fontainebleau I gathered that your life was not unclouded, in spite of the affection of your protectors. Fanchon said as much. Here Lilywhite does not fail to show that you are an object of jealousy to her, if not to others. But all this will come right. Most girls pass through this ordeal. You have won the esteem and confidence of every member of the family of your best of friends, Madame d'Angère, though you

fancy, perhaps, you have failed. Both she and Mrs. Churchhouse have told me so; and that poor Mrs. Dallimore looks on you as a daughter, because you were so good to her boy, who loved you dearly. Mr. Moore even hinted that he hoped you would be, some day, his daughter. I hear nothing but good of you, and I bless God from my heart for restoring me to such a child."

Aveline's work dropped from her hand, and she gazed, astonished, at her mother during this long speech. There was in her a calm decision that surprised her. She remembered, dimly, that her father used to call this obstinacy, and that the quiet, ladylike manner of the ill-used wife annoyed him, for she had never been other than a lady, even to him.

"You are surprised, my love," she resumed, meeting Aveline's rapt gaze. "I think you need have no fear, for the Australian life has restored me, and both Mr. Moore and your friend Leonard Leigh are convinced of my sanity, and will see that, under no circumstances, shall I be again condemned to an asylum."

"It was for this, then, that you were so long together, dearest mamma?" said Aveline.

Her mother smiled, but gave no answer. Further conversation was prevented by a tap at the door, which caused them hastily to resume their work as they said "Come in." Leonard entered, to the surprise of both.

"I could not leave without wishing you good-bye," he began. "I have settled to return to London to-morrow, in order to accompany Mr. Moore. I have promised to be back for Christmas. I cannot sit down, they are about to break up the party."

He looked at Aveline, whose work dropped again, and whose bright cheeks paled at this announcement.

"You will not forget what you said to me this morning, Aveline?" he continued.

"What was it?" asked her mother.

"She said, that were she the rich lady and I the poor dependent—the lady help, in fact—she would give me all her wealth, all her fair lands, if they reached from down to sea."

"She should, and a mother's fervent blessing should go with them," said Mrs. Roone, in an agitated voice.

"But she would not promise me her love, either with or without the wealth. She would not share my poverty, though she would give me all her riches. And I—I would share either good fortune or bad with her."

"You mistake me. He does not understand me, dear mamma," cried Aveline, looking from one to the other.

"But I do, my darling," said her mother. "Be it wealth or be it poverty, I give her to you, Leonard Leigh."

"Aveline! what do you say?" he asked.

"Just what I said this morning—I may not cloud your future by our present. I will not! I cannot!"

"Then you do not love me after all!" he said.

There was no reply, and with a hasty farewell he left the mother and child again alone together.

CHAPTER XL.—AFTER TWELVE MONTHS.

THE excitement in the Dallimore family was great when Quiz returned, and announced her resolution to accept the proposal of marriage made to her by Captain de Bellefontaine. It roused her mother, irritated her father, and amused her sisters. Poor Mrs. Dallimore, who had been a prey to grief since Lisle's death, brightened up at the prospect of a wedding, and took it for granted that her daughter had lost her heart in France, which accounted for some eccentricities of temper since her return. It is strange how little even mothers understand those enigmas known as their children's "hearts."

"She will not only have a position herself, but will be able to look after Amicia and the chevalier," said Mrs. Dallimore.

"And their old château," added Isabella. "You have always been afraid they might make Aveline heiress."

"Ah! poor Aveline! I can't think what will become of her and her mother when they leave the manor after Christmas," rejoined Mrs. Dallimore.

"We might keep them there as care-takers till the Chancery suit is concluded," grumbled the major. "It looks as if it would never be begun, for Conquest writes this morning of some hitch which must delay proceedings. I thought a friendly suit might be ended at once. It is iniquitous that a father can't inherit after his son without all this bother."

"But that old deed says, if there is no will, it must go in the direct line, whether male or female," said Isabella, stoutly.

"What do you know of law, miss? Am not I in the direct line from my son?"

Mrs. Dallimore began to cry, as she always did at the mention of Lisle; and Quiz, who had been listening as if she had no interest in the matter, interrupted the conversation by asking if Captain de Bellefontaine might pay them a visit when convenient to him.

"How shall we understand one another? I wish you had picked up a native instead of a foreign grandee," returned the major.

"He speaks beautiful English," replied Quiz.

"Let him come then, by all means," said the major.

"We shall not know what to give him to eat," moaned Mrs. Dallimore. "We don't understand haricots and such things, as the French do."

"We must have Aveline back; she knows all about it," put in Isabella.

"Always Aveline!" muttered Quiz.

"It will be great fun; I shall often go and see you, Quiz," said Helen.

"At least I shall lose that odious name," remarked Quiz. "Mdle. Kiz is possible, but not la Marquise Kiz."

She laughed. She was already accustoming herself to her prospects. After all, the handsome Frenchman was just as good as the handsome Englishman, she thought, with a pang at her heart.

Of course it took time to settle the momentous affairs. Letters passed between Captain de Bellefontaine and Major Dallimore, as well as

between the marquis and the chevalier, and they were quite satisfactory. The correspondence between the young people was regular, and, to all appearance, delightful; but Quiz showed no more love letters. Her engagement was duly announced, though there was, naturally, no talk of marriage till the year of mourning had expired. Captain de Bellefontaine was unable to visit England, and she secretly hoped that she might be permitted to return with her uncle and aunt to Fontainebleau and meet him there. She shrank, she knew not why, from his actually appearing until Leonard's Christmas visit was over.

He, meanwhile, had bade farewell to Chancery Lane and the "chamber" in the Temple, and was located in a second-floor in Jermyn Street. He left the spot where he had struggled through so many difficulties with sincere regret. He knew that no rooms, however superior, could be as dear to him as that which looked out upon the ancient court, the big tree, and the sparrow's nest; no window so convenient for his old davenport as the one he was forsaking; no landlady so obligingly protective as his "laundress" Pluckrose. His parting with her was almost pathetic. The handsome *douceur* he left with her, and which emptied his pocket, did not console her for his loss, for, as she said, "she had taken a fancy to him at the first, and she had seen too many young men to make mistakes in their physiogomy."

"I shall come and see you in your own house if you will let me, Mrs. Pluckrose," he said. "Then I can look in upon the gardens and the children. I am sorry to leave them."

"You'll always find open 'ouse, sir; and if you'll take a cup o' tea I shall be proud to make it," she replied.

Although he was grateful to the Messrs. Conquest, he left Chancery Lane with less regret than Dr. Johnson's Buildings.

"We are all sorry to lose you," said Mr. Charles Conquest; "but I dare say the diplomatic line will suit you best. We've worked you pretty hard, but my lord will work you harder, or I'm mistaken. However, with your pluck and perseverance you are sure to get on. You won't forget to meet Moore here on the 20th. 'Tis an awkward business, and if he finds all correct, will overthrow everybody. You can keep a secret, which is a grand power in diplomacy as well as in law. You might have worked up to a partnership here in time, with your capabilities."

"Thank you, Mr. Charles, for all your kindness. But for you and Mr. Conquest I should now be toiling in the bank," replied Leonard.

"Say, rather, but for your own indomitable will and talent for scribbling," laughed the lawyer. "That novel of yours did the work. When is the next coming out?"

"In the spring, I hope; at least, if not a novel, a book of some sort."

But Leonard found writing much more difficult in Jermyn Street than in the Temple, and the davenport was pushed from corner to corner with a view to quiet. His salary began at once, but his patron was abroad, and he would not have much to do for him till his return, and he had, therefore,

reckoned upon leisure for literature. But the literary work seemed curious. He sat hour after hour at his davenport with the squire's old papers before him, drawing up a résumé of their contents, which might be, in short, the plot of the new novel.

Having become "known to fame," and being handsome, agreeable, and a bachelor, he was, at this period of his life, besieged with invitations. He was no curmudgeon, still he could not but remember that not so long ago he had received no such civilities, and he could not help mis-doubting the mere politenesses of the world and society. He had the moral courage, therefore, to keep back from the vortex that opened before him. He also kept alight that spiritual torch kindled by prayer, which will ever lead a young man safely through the tempting paths of flattery, dissipation, and infidelity. He made a point, however, of accepting all Mrs. Conquest's invitations, and of ignoring how rare they had been during the toilsome period of his clerkship. He dined there more than once to meet Mr. Moore and Mr. Charles Conquest, and each time took with him the squire's manuscripts. All this time he was thinking much of Aveline and her mother. He was fain to fear that Aveline did not love him with other than a sister's love. If he could have nourished that mean passion of jealousy which he reprobated in Quiz, he would have been jealous of Captain Moore. But he resolutely put the feeling from him, and strove to believe that Aveline's persistent refusal did really arise solely from the reasons she gave, and that perhaps he might win her by-and-by. If ever there was a pure and unselfish love, it was his; and to be pure, love must be unselfish. Had he been at the manor a few days before he actually went to Lisle, he would have discovered that he need not have been jealous.

Captain Moore arrived there unexpectedly. His father was from home, and, for the first time in her life, his mother was sorry to see him. He had written to say that he could not get leave, but after all he had secured a fortnight, and had come from turbulent Ireland to the peaceful Island for Christmas.

Aveline trembled when the chevalier told her of his arrival, and resolved to keep out of his way. She begged Madame d'Angère to aid her by not asking her to join the family party at all, and madame, seeing that she had made mischief by disclosing the captain's proposal prematurely, promised. The chevalier laughed, and said it would be of no use, for the resolute lover had already inquired for her of him.

Mr. Moore came home the day after his son. He was delighted to see him, but was in such a fussy excited state that his wife did not know what to make of him. When she alluded to the dangerous proximity of her son and Aveline, all he said was, "Let them marry. Let him propose at once. The best thing he can do," and he rubbed his hands cheerfully as he spoke. It was a perplexing alternative for poor Mrs. Moore. Besides, he brought news that everybody was coming to Lisle that Christmas.

"We must have both the boys and their wives here," he said, "for Mrs. Conquest has resolved to pay her sister a visit. She and Conquest and young Leigh will be enough for the vicarage, and will fuss Mrs. Churchhouse to death. It seems that Sophy and Lucy quite won their aunt's heart, and that the journeying with them after Fontainebleau did her a world more good than doing Banting, so that Conquest declares there's no keeping her at home now. We shall be quite a family party, my dear, for of course Moores and Lisles are all one family now."

"Ah, yes! They are all very nice people, and I wish Willie had married one of the Miss Dallimores instead of taking this fancy to Aveline. Not but that I like her mother very much. She is so judicious that I feel quite another person since she has attended to me. Between ourselves, she is quite as good a lady as any of these bump-tious Englishwomen."

"Ha, ha, ha! All right. You Yankees don't take kindly to the English ladies because they think you vulgar. But that's a mistake, nothing but exclusiveness. When we pay our little visit to America we'll set that square."

Aveline contrived to evade Captain Moore, and, strange as it may seem, two days passed without his falling in with her. He had recourse to the chevalier. Seated on either side of the great log fire in the library, they discussed his possible success. The chevalier told him that Aveline had resolved to devote herself to her mother, and that he had never questioned her concerning her feelings since that evening at the chateau.

"Will you do so, then, chevalier?" said the impatient officer. "Had I known she was here, I should have come over before, but I only heard it a couple of days before I left Ireland. Tell her I must see her, for I have come for her decision."

Almost while he spoke Aveline came into the library in search of Madame d'Angère. She was about to withdraw when she saw Captain Moore, but a sense of what was due to him prevented her, and she met him as he rose hastily and went towards her. Both were embarrassed, but the chevalier interposed with a question that entirely confounded them.

"You come apropos, ma petite. I was in the act of seeking you on behalf of our good friend the captain. He wish to know if you have changed your mind, and if you will be more polite in your manners than you were when last he parted from you."

The chevalier took out his snuff-box and looked at the discomfited pair.

"This is too abrupt, too unceremonious," said Captain Moore, annoyed.

Aveline took refuge with the chevalier. She instantly resolved to speak to the captain decidedly in the presence of her protector; but whether his fiery moustache and resolute face frightened her, or whether shyness overpowered her, she knew not, but words would not come. Her head drooped, and she remained silent. He interpreted this favourably.

"May I hope that the cruel twelve months you prescribed—" he began, in measured tones.

"I did not prescribe them," she exclaimed, hastily. "Was it not you, dear monsieur?"

"It was settled amongst us, I believe," replied the chevalier, penitently, and Aveline again roused herself.

"Sir, I have not changed my mind. I have now my mother, with whom I mean to live. I am much obliged to you for your kindness, but—"

"Pshaw!" broke in the captain, gazing at the lovely face.

"But indeed, sir, I cannot, I cannot," she added; and, like a terrified child or a disturbed ghost, fled from the room.

CHAPTER XLII.—A FAMILY CONCLAVE.

THERE was great commotion at Lisle Manor one morning before Christmas. Mr. Moore had invited the near relatives of the late squire to meet him there on a matter of business, and Mr. and Mrs. Churchhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Conquest, the chevalier and Madame d'Angère, and Major Dallimore responded to the summons. Mrs. Dallimore excused herself upon plea of inability to join so large a party. Leonard Leigh was also bidden, and Mrs. Moore was present. They all met in the dining-room, and formed quite a solemn conclave, three only of the ten individuals knowing for what reason they had met. Mr. Moore, who had a way of his own in all things, seated them round the oaken table, and took the head of it, much as if they were going to luncheon, only the viands were absent. It was evidently serious, and the assembly looked almost as surprised and subdued as did their ancestors who gazed upon them from the surrounding walls. Right above the high mantel-piece was the squire himself—not as any one present remembered him, but in his comely youth. The face was handsome but grave, and the expression haughty. The portrait had been painted by a celebrated artist, and the cold but penetrating grey eyes seemed to follow the movements of his nieces and nephews-in-law as they took their places at the board where he formerly presided and awaited what Mr. Moore had to say.

That gentleman stood up, hemmed, cleared his throat, and looked round the table. He knew not what nerves meant; still he hesitated slightly as he pronounced what might have been a short funeral oration, and did in effect sound as a knell to some of his hearers.

"My friends, I have made a discovery that concerns us all. Mrs. Roone, who is now in this house, is the daughter of the late Worseley Lisle, Esq., of this manor, and my sister, his lawful wife."

The countenances of his hearers looked as if suddenly confronted by the dead squire himself. Startled exclamations fell from them; eager movements were made.

Mr. Moore waved his hand and continued: "I am as sure of what I state as that I stand before you all alive this day. As you know, I took the manor on my dead sister's account, and I have found the certificate of her marriage with Mr. Lisle at Bristol. This discovery was due to papers

found by Leonard Leigh in the old davenport left by the squire to him."

All faces were turned inquiringly to Leonard, who said, "Mr. Moore is stating facts."

Major Dallimore half rose, and was about to protest, when Mr. Moore resumed: "Having my attention drawn to Mrs. Roone by various causes, I made it my business, not long since, to seek an interview with her, and learnt from her own lips that she was actually the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lisle."

"Then why did she not say so?" came from several voices.

"Owing to her temporary insanity, she despaired of establishing the fact, and feared that she would be confined in an asylum if she asserted it. It was only by chance that she learnt that her mother's marriage was acknowledged here. As some of you know, I have been to and fro to Bristol of late, and only returned from my last trip the day before yesterday. I have succeeded in discovering the certificate of the birth of Evelyn Marian Lisle, child of Worseley and Marian Lisle, and even in tracing people who knew them and their daughter. I have also the certificate of the marriage of Evelyn Marian Lisle and Martin Roone, solemnised without parental consent, but none the less valid. In short, I have clearly established the fact that the Mrs. Roone at present in this house is my niece, and a relative or connection of every one here present, except Leonard Leigh, to whom this discovery is due."

"We ought to be much obliged to him," put in the vicar, looking at his nephew.

"Not to me, uncle, but my legacy," returned Leonard. "A latent sense of justice in the squire prevented his destroying all these old letters which he left to me in the davenport, with his written command to 'make wrong right.'"

He laid his hand on several packets of discoloured documents, which we have glanced at before. Six pairs of eager, questioning eyes were turned towards him and them, and six tongues moved for speech.

The latter were stayed by a word from Mr. Conquest. "Let Leonard tell his tale; I vouch for its truth, and my wife is one of the interested parties."

"I should think so!" she exclaimed, angrily.

"All these letters are arranged for your perusal," began Leonard, looking round. "They filled every cranny of the davenport, and were thrust into it without attention to date or person. On the lid of the davenport—which Mr. Moore has brought down, and which is in this room—is inscribed the squire's request to me."

Mr. Moore rose, and brought forward that precious old escritoire, towards which the eyes afore-said turned.

"Better not examine it till Leigh has told his tale," said Conquest, decidedly, when all the party rose.

They reseated themselves, and Leonard proceeded:

"As you will all read these letters, I will only tell you briefly what they prove. They are, for the most part, from the squire's second wife to

him. Those written before the marriage are signed 'M. C.'; those after, 'M. L.' They are disjointed, and written at long intervals. They are, with one or two exceptions, from Bristol. When puzzling over them, I certainly fancied they must have originated from the Miss Cunninghame of whom I had heard as first living with the squire as housekeeper, and finally coming to the manor to die. This induced me to make many inquiries concerning her, and led to Mr. Moore's speaking to me about her, and to my confiding the secret of the letters to him. It was, therefore, through my instrumentality, or rather these letters, that he discovered her marriage."

"And a fine mess you have made of it," grumbled the major.

"But it was not he who caused me first to rent the manor in order to find out the truth about my sister," said Mr. Moore, hotly. "The squire must have been a confounded old villain."

"Hush! my dear," whispered Mrs. Moore. "Remember his three nieces!"

"Bosh! They've forgotten him long ago. Remember *my* niece and great-niece!"

"Aveline! Now what relation will she be to us, Alphonse?" asked Madame d'Angère.

"What you call german cousin," replied the chevalier, which made the vicar burst out laughing, and caused a diversion.

"Go on! go on!" exclaimed the irritated major.

"Some time after these letters began to be signed 'M. L.," continued Leonard, "allusion was made to little Eva. Then there is a gap in the correspondence until Eva's rapid progress at school is mentioned. Finally, in a letter bearing date about twenty years ago, there is a heartrending appeal for forgiveness for Eva."

"That was on account of her marriage with Roone, the scoundrel!" interrupted Mr. Moore. "Here are the certificates of her birth and marriage. Evelyn Lisle she is called in both."

Mr. Moore touched some papers before him on the table, and Leonard continued:

"There are a few more letters, at intervals of several months, on the same subject. They contain pitiful appeals for Eva. Then the correspondence ceases, and this cessation happens a few weeks prior to the death of Mrs. Lisle, here, at the manor. Some years after this event, Mrs. Roone and her little girl appeared on the very day of the squire's funeral. You all know their subsequent history. I used to wonder what brought them to Lisle, but as Mrs. Roone was accredited drowned, and Aveline knew nothing of her mother's history, I could not ascertain. Still, it haunted me that Mrs. Roone must have been in some way connected with the 'M. L.' of the letters, and when she turned up again some months ago I resolved to question her. I did so when I was here last autumn, and Mr. Moore and I were both convinced that she was the Eva of the letters—the daughter, in fact, of Mr. and Mrs. Lisle. But she must tell her own tale. I have concluded mine."

"And you have been at this all these years, Leonard Leigh!—secretly, silently?" exclaimed

Mr. Churchhouse, reproachfully. "I thought you more open."

"Yes, uncle. I have obeyed the squire's last request. You read his letter to me. Perhaps you will now read aloud the paper fastened to the lid of the davenport."

Mr. Churchhouse rose, opened the now empty desk, and read what we have seen, but will repeat—

"The contents of this davenport are for the eyes of Leonard Leigh alone. If he find that he can make wrong right, let him do so; if not, let him respect the memory of one too proud and reserved to be just. I, Worsley Lisle, scarcely remember what I have, from time to time, and year after year, confided to the keeping of this silent friend; therefore I dare not burn the papers, and have not courage to examine them. Let Leonard Leigh look them through, but not publish them to the world, unless he can thereby benefit any individual named in them. I trust his honour."

"I am thankful to be able to do the same," said the vicar, looking across the table at Leonard. "The squire and the Almighty have used you as an instrument; may it be for good. At all events, the lawsuit will cease, and both cash and cloak go to their rightful owners."

"And we shall neither have the oyster nor the shells," said Conquest, ruefully.

"I don't believe the story. It is all trumped up," cried the major, whose stake had been the largest. "I won't hear of such interlopers. Mr. Moore and Leonard ought to be—"

"Hush!" interposed Mr. Conquest, who sat next to him. "You had better hear Mrs. Roone's version before you forget yourself."

Mr. Moore left the room, and during his absence the other gentlemen whispered together, while comments and inquiries poured out of every female mouth.

"If this is true we shall be no better off than we were before," said Mrs. Churchhouse, "and that poor mad woman will have what is properly ours."

"I suppose it could not be ours if Uncle Lisle really had a child," volunteered Madame d'Angère. "It is very puzzling, Alphonse. But I am glad about Aveline, my german cousin."

"Cousin-german he means, Amicia," puffed out Mrs. Conquest. "I think it iniquitous."

"It is only just, if my husband's niece is heiress of Lisle Manor, that she come to her inheritance," put in Mrs. Moore.

These and other remarks were interrupted by the return of Mr. Moore, accompanied by Mrs. Roone and Aveline. There was a general movement when they appeared, but Leonard quietly vacated his chair for Mrs. Roone, placed another for Aveline by her side, and stood himself behind them. Mrs. Roone had the chevalier on her other side. She bowed slightly as she took her seat, and now all eyes were turned on her. She looked very pale, and the dark-brown dress and white cap and collar seemed to intensify the absence of colour in face and hair. Aveline, on the contrary, was literally like a blush rose clinging

to her side. Her one idea was to support her mother, and she sat as closely to her as she could, and placed one hand in hers. She had been hastily prepared by Mr. Moore for a scene, but knew not what was to evolve. But Mrs. Roone was perfectly composed, and awaited the invitation to speak. It came from Mr. Conquest.

"Would you kindly tell us what brought you to Lisle, and any particulars of your previous history that can throw light on Squire Lisle's bequest to Leonard Leigh?"

"I came to inquire of my father concerning my mother," replied Mrs. Roone, looking at Mr. Conquest. "I knew nothing of the history of either until a year or so before my mother's death. During my unmarried life she lived in great seclusion, midway between Bristol and Clifton, and my father, the late Mr. Lisle, resided with her during a portion of the year. He would come and go, and when I asked her why he was not always with us, she replied, 'for family reasons which I could not be made acquainted with.' As I passed my childhood and girlhood at school, I saw comparatively little of him, and when he chanced to come during my holidays I was afraid of him. Still, I believe he was very fond of me, and made me handsome presents, among which was a gold locket that I have worn ever since, containing photographs of him and my mother. This I was cautioned not to show until I received permission, but having received it, I can now make it public."

She unclasped a locket from an invisible chain that she wore, and gave it to Leonard. He having seen it before, opened it and passed it on to the chevalier.

"It is the squire himself!" exclaimed the astonished Frenchman, putting it into his wife's hands.

"Yes, it is poor dear uncle!" said madame, in a voice of weeping. "It is all very romantic. Aveline, could you have believed it?"

Aveline was too bewildered to hear, much less to answer, this question; and as the photographs passed from one to another she clung closer to her mother, and listened breathlessly.

"There is no doubt that this is Mr. Lisle," said the vicar, having put on his spectacles.

"And it is quite certain that the reverse likeness is my half-sister," added Mr. Moore.

"The photographs are not necessary to prove the facts, but they help to confirm them," remarked Leonard, while a variety of exclamations proceeded from those who examined the locket. Not even the major could refuse to acknowledge that one of the photographs was the squire.

"Will you kindly proceed, Mrs. Roone?" he said, grimly; but a terrified look from Aveline softened him, for he remembered his boy, who, after all, had been only heir through some whim of his great-uncle's.

"When I was eighteen," continued Mrs. Roone, turning to Aveline, "I married your father contrary to the wishes of both my parents. I have suffered for my disobedience, and so has my poor child, though we can never sufficiently thank those who befriended us." Her voice faltered, and she

glanced timidly round the table until her eyes rested on the chevalier and Madame d'Angère.

"The child has done more for us than we for her; has she not, *mon amie*?" said the chevalier, opening his snuff-box.

"Yes, yes," replied madame, her lace handkerchief at her eyes.

Aveline could scarcely restrain her sobs, but a gentle touch and whisper from Leonard composed her, and her arm now circled her mother's waist.

"After my marriage," resumed Mrs. Roone, looking down, "I saw and heard nothing of my parents for some time. I went a voyage with my husband, Captain Roone, and when we returned to England we landed at North Shields. There my child was born, and thence I wrote to my mother. She came to me at once, she said, without my father's knowledge. He was not with her at the time. She told me that she had interceded for me until she had mortally offended him. When I asked where he was, she gave me his address at this place, and bade me write to him. I did so, humbly, but received no answer. Then she told me a portion of her story, and I learnt that she had been my father's housekeeper before she became his wife, and that he was too proud to acknowledge his marriage, though he frequently promised to do so. This humbled and angered me, and I resolved to forget him as he did me. She also said she had a half-brother in Australia, named Moore, of whom she had lost sight owing to these circumstances, and gave me his address at Melbourne. My husband was away at this time, and she remained some weeks with me. Before she left, she had almost made up her mind to go to my father direct, and insist on the avowal of the marriage and of my existence. When we parted, it was for the last time. I never saw her again."

"My dear, dear mamma!" sobbed Aveline.

Here Mrs. Roone's voice faltered, and all the ladies shed tears, but with an effort she continued, after a short interval:

"From this period I remember little. They said I was insane, perhaps I was. I know I was in delicate health after my child's birth, and that my husband declared me out of my mind. I had promised my mother not to tell him her story, and he was angry at her and my father's displeasure at our marriage. He was of a violent temper; I, perhaps, was too meek, and I became melancholy, much as I was, in short, when I first came here. I was placed in an asylum, but thanks to the good woman who took care of Aveline, released after a time. But again and again I was shut up with a similar result, until my husband's death. Then our faithful servant procured my release, and she went with us to Bristol in search of my mother. The house she had lived in was occupied by strangers, who knew nothing of the former tenants. I was in no position to make inquiries, so I determined to come to this place in search of my father, in order to learn something of my mother. I scarcely know whether I was in my senses or not, for the sights and sounds of an asylum would drive a sane person mad; but I am aware that I

was in a strange, gloomy, silent state of mind, over which no one but my child Aveline had any control. I was, besides, in terror night and day of being again shut up.

"I scarcely know how we got here, or whether, when we arrived, I was actually insane or not, but I followed my own father's coffin to his grave, heard his funeral service, and cast flowers on the coffin-lid without realising whose funeral I was attending. I believe I asked, for I remember the words, 'Hush! Squire Lisle.' I know not what followed, but subsequently I heard one spectator remark to another, 'Think of Squire Lisle buried by the side of his housekeeper, Miss Cunningham.' Such a terror seized me that I was unconscious of what followed. 'Dead, and the marriage unacknowledged,' was all I realised, and I fled from the spot.

"The remainder of my history you all know. I had neither sense nor nerve to seek to establish my parentage, and the prospect of being again sent to an asylum overpowered what little reason and maternal love remained to me. I forgot all but my personal freedom, and ran away in the dead of night, leaving the only creature I had to love, or who loved me, to strangers, who were far more pitiful than her bewildered mother."

As Mrs. Roone ceased, Aveline threw her arms about her and burst into tears, while the remainder of the party rose involuntarily and gathered round the mother and child.

CHAPTER XLII.—TWO MADE ONE.

MRS. ROONE was, without question, heiress of Lisle Manor. There was no disputing the fact, and even Major Dallimore, after a little bluster, was compelled to acknowledge it. Indeed, Mrs. Roone and Aveline's pathetic story touched all hearts. The disappointed expectants were good, kindly people, and, after the first surprise was over, agreed that perhaps Mrs. Roone and Aveline would be preferable to a Chancery suit. There was not one villain in the piece, and the performers struggled to act their difficult, if unsensational, parts with becoming grace. Aveline, the heiress-apparent, was the most overcome by the extraordinary *dénouement* to her pitiful tale. She insisted on the impossibility and impropriety of taking the manor from the very friends who had sheltered them; but Mr. Conquest assured her that her mother had no choice. The manor must go to sons or daughters, but failing these, a will could invest any other person with the property. This the squire knew well enough, and doubtless conscience pricked him when he left the davenport to Leonard, knowing that he had a daughter somewhere.

Mr. Churchhouse suggested that Ratigan, the old coachman, might know something of his master's mind, as he had been much with him, and volunteered to question him. He lived in the village on his pension, and the vicar went to him. His memory was failing, for he was verging on eighty-five, but he recollected sufficient to confirm the statements of Mrs. Roone. He

knew that his master lived a good deal from home, at Bristol and Bath, after Miss Cunningham left. None of the servants, not even his valet, accompanied him. He, Ratigan, was with him when Miss Cunningham came last to the manor. When she arrived she could not speak, and died of heart-complaint almost immediately. The squire was in a terrible way, and shut himself up for weeks. Then he went alone to Bristol.

Mr. Churchhouse asked if Ratigan had ever heard the squire mention the name of Roone. He thought he had, indeed he remembered posting a letter to some one of that name for his master a few years before his death. Yes, it was to a Mrs. Roone, he believed.

This was all that could be gathered, but it tended to prove that Mr. Lisle had, probably, hazarded a letter to his daughter when she might have been in an asylum, her husband at sea. On such frail tenure hangs the destiny of individuals, and with this last piece of intelligence the family conclave dispersed, taking such leave of the interlopers as could be expected under the circumstances.

"You spoke as if you were 'to the manner born,' dear mamma," said Aveline, when they were at last alone.

"It was for your sake, not mine, my child," replied her mother. "I hope there is a happy future before you, and certainly a useful one."

"I feel like a culprit," said the girl, bursting into tears, and hiding her face in her mother's lap.

A knock at the door, and enter the chevalier and madame.

"In tears, ma petite!" exclaimed the former. "We come to felicitate you. Right always triumphs. Mrs. Roone, my dear woife and I are glad you are lady of the manor."

"We really are," echoed madame, nervously.

Aveline started up and embraced her fervently.

"Take care of my crêpe, dear," said madame; and Aveline knew that all was as it should be.

"Thou wilt permit me also, ma mie? We are now relations," hazarded the chevalier.

"Certainly, mon Alphonse. Forgive me my—my jealousy."

And the chevalier kissed the three ladies on both cheeks, beginning with Mrs. Roone and ending with his wife—six kisses in all.

So the bloom returned to Aveline's cheeks, the joy to her heart.

Before the day was done the news spread from hall to kitchen, from manor to hamlet. The poor mad woman, the nurse, was lady of the manor!—was the daughter of Squire Lisle and Miss Cunningham. The commotion and excitement were intense. This rapidity was mainly due to Lily-white, to whom Mrs. Moore communicated the news while that amiable domestic was supplying Mrs. Roone's place during an access of weakness.

"Aveling's mother lady of the manor! Aveling Mr. Moore's great-niece and madame's second cousin! She, a Blue School girl, just like me, who has no relations! Well, if that isn't hard upon me who was at school seven years and she only one," exclaimed the aggrieved maiden.

"Go and ask them if they will kindly come to

me in an hour's time, as I am too poorly to visit them," said Mrs. Moore.

Poor Lilywhite! She must eat humble pie, and did not know how to begin. She made the first bite by a modest tap at the door. Mrs. Roone and Aveline were again alone for a few minutes.

"If you please, ma'am—" she began, but seeing Aveline all smiles and tears, she hesitated, and finally ended her message by, "My, Aveline, you are a lucky girl!"

Aveline hastened to meet her, and held out her hand. Lilywhite began to cry.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, and I don't want to leave the manor, and I've no friends in pettikler," she sobbed.

"Why should you leave the manor? You have been so good to Mrs. Moore, and you know we are such old friends," replied Aveline. "If all this is true, which seems a dream, I am sure you will be quite as kind to my dear mamma as—as—well, never mind. Let us begin a new life with new circumstances, and let us help those who helped us. If only we could send the Blue School a hamper for Christmas!"

"You forget that it is holidays," said Lilywhite, cheering up.

"Then I will ask Mr. Moore to send some game to our good mistress; I remember that she liked pheasant," returned Aveline, looking at her mother.

"I think you need be under no apprehension, Lilywhite," said Mrs. Moore, who sympathised with all friendless people, whether she liked them or not; "and I feel sure your uncle will do what you wish, my darling."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Lilywhite with a curtsy.

She was as much astonished as Aveline to find the reserved, quiet Mrs. Roone equal to her change of fortunes. Indeed, continual trial and suffering had given her a composure and reticence that seemed almost incredible. This had been already ascribed by the party she left in the dining-room, to "a touch of the squire's pride," and, perhaps, by nature she inherited it; but affliction and the grace of God had softened it to calm.

She and Aveline went to see Mrs. Moore as requested, but asked to be excused from joining the family party that evening at dinner. The excitement of the day had been too great for both, and they craved to be left to themselves.

But they were again interrupted, and this time it was by Leonard Leigh. He was warmly welcomed, and fatigue and excitement were forgotten as the trio sat over the fire, discussing the events of the day. Aveline had much to learn, and her questions were incessant.

"Major Dallimore dined at the vicarage," Leonard said, "and I left him and the rest of the party reading the poor squire's letters, and comparing notes as to them and their own personal experience."

"But for you, this mystery would never have been unravelled," said Mrs. Roone.

"Rather, but for the Guiding Hand," returned Leonard.

"I should like you to tell Major Dallimore at once, that should there be any difficulty about the money accumulated during the life of the late heir, neither I nor Aveline will touch a penny of it," said Mrs. Roone. "If we are to come into these possessions, it must be without law or private dispute. Thanks to my uncle and you, all has been quietly achieved thus far, and I trust to you to do all that is handsome by the disappointed."

"Dear mamma!" ejaculated Aveline.

"I wish, if possible, to shield my parents' memory from unnecessary blame. Would you say that I believe I was disinherited through my own obstinate conduct? I ought not to have married as I did. But Aveline, my child, has done nothing amiss, and for her, I am thankful. She is now the possessor, or will be, God willing, of the fair lands she promised should be yours if she were 'The lady born.' She has my free and full permission to fulfil that promise."

Mrs. Roone rose hastily, and to Aveline's embarrassment left the room.

"You remember that promise, Aveline?" said Leonard, after a momentary hesitation. "When I asked what my fate would be were our positions reversed, your words were—how well I remember them!—'I would then give you all I had; all my wealth, all my baronial halls, all my fair lands, if they reached from down to sea!' But when I asked for that dearest gift, your love, you put me off with a shallow subterfuge."

"Because I was then of lowly birth, poor, and dependent; because my dear mamma had no one but me. No friends, no money, no support," replied Aveline, her manner assured though her voice faltered.

"And now it is I who am but the poor author, the secretary of uncertain tenure, the penniless friend. Yet I ask for your love, in return for an almost life-long attachment."

"You have been all in all to me ever since you comforted me in your uncle's library. I have loved you dearly from then till now," returned Aveline, her beaming eyes uplifted unflinchingly to his.

And so, those two were one.

CHAPTER XLIII.—WEDDINGS.

WE will now put on our seven-leagued boots and leap from winter into summer. We find Aveline and her mother alone at the manor, and Mr. and Mrs. Churchhouse alone at the vicarage. Such are life's changes! Mrs. Roone has taken the name of Lisle, according to custom by law established of such as inherit the manor. Her daughter is now Aveline Lisle—a name she will in time change to Leigh, to be again turned into Lisle should she survive her mother, which we are authorised to say she will. Mr. and Mrs. Moore left the manor shortly after their somewhat disturbed Christmas to visit their married sons, and afterwards to make a long-promised tour amongst friends in America. They and their newly-found nieces became much attached to one another during their sojourn in the same

house. As to their son, the captain, he received with tolerable equanimity the news that Leonard was preferred before him. He told the chevalier when he delicately announced the event that it was probably for the best, since he could never knock under to a wife. He had sought Aveline because she was poor and obedient; as an heiress she might be overbearing. Besides, she was his cousin, and he disapproved of the marriages of cousins. He did not, as disappointed lovers are supposed to do, fly in despair from the manor, but consoled himself by making friends with Aveline and paying frequent visits to the Miss Dallimores, devoting himself especially to the quiet, sentimental Helen.

The chevalier and Madame d'Angère went back to Fontainebleau, promising to be again at the manor for Aveline's marriage. The prospect of having Quiz within reach, and in an exalted position, reconciled madame to France; while the knowledge that Aveline would be happy and his wife content was sufficient for the unselfish chevalier. The vicar and his wife were satisfied with the change of dynasties, for no sooner were Aveline and her mother established as owners of the manor than they set to work to relieve the poor, to aid in the school, and to make the parish as happy and prosperous as they could. Old Ratigan, Biles, the sexton, and Dan Lane were not forgotten; neither was the Blue School nor the workhouse. They were visited, both personally and by presents. The unpretending lady of the manor and her sweet natural daughter soon won golden opinions, both from rich and poor.

The Dallimores were, naturally, the least pleased of the former heirs-expectant at the good-fortune of these strangers, though they received a considerable sum of money in the rents that had accumulated during the life of their son. Indeed, it more than indemnified them for the loss of what was awarded them by the Lord Chancellor for his maintenance. Moreover, it would continue, while the allowance must have ceased with the poor boy's majority.

"I dare say all is for the best," said philosophic Isabella. "Mrs. Roone has been very liberal, and probably had poor Lisle lived he would have run out of everything, he was so spoilt."

"If she had not acted as she has done I should have gone to law," said the major.

It was long before Mrs. Dallimore took any interest in what passed, but about a year after Lisle's death she declared her intention of paying a visit to Aveline and her mother. Quiz asked to be allowed to accompany her.

Mrs. Lisle, as we must now call the mother, and Aveline were in the library—their favourite room—when they arrived. It was the first time that the elder ladies had met, and the meeting was awkward. Mrs. Lisle, however, showed instant sympathy with the bereaved mother, whose heavy black was no mere show of grief. Not unnaturally, Mrs. Dallimore's ready tears flowed at sight of the new tenants of the manor, and the recollection of what might have been. She made an effort at composure, and said something about the strangeness of their being relations, but Mrs. Lisle's

simple words, "I have been so very, very sorry for you. Aveline has told me all," broke down the fragile hedge of restraint, and the unhappy and happy mothers were soon weeping together, hand-in-hand.

"That will do. Mother will be better now. I want to speak to you alone," whispered Quiz to Aveline. "Come to the pond. We shall be quiet there."

"We shall soon be back," said Aveline, laying her hand gently on Mrs. Dallimore's shoulder.

"Dear Aveline! My poor boy loved her so!" sobbed Mrs. Dallimore, as the two girls left the room.

They found the pond and its delicious green setting, cool where all else was summer-heat. The trees were alive with birds, the air with insects, the water with wild fowl, but the calm was perfect. Quiz threw off her hat, and was silent a moment, remembering her interview with the chevalier. Aveline smiled, and sighed at the recollection of the boat scene. The dark, handsome, stern face of the one girl, contrasted with the fair, sunny, ever-changing loveliness of the other, and formed a pretty picture.

"Aveline, I want you to be one of my bridesmaids," said Quiz, abruptly.

"Me!" echoed Aveline, surprised.

"Yes—you. Why not? Are we not what the chevalier calls second german cousins? You will not refuse me?"

"Certainly not. I shall be only too proud and happy."

"Thank you. And Leonard is to be asked to be best man. Captain de Bellefontaine wishes it, and so do I."

Aveline did not dare to look at Quiz. She felt the inflection of her voice. It was enough. She needed not to see the flashing eye, the curling lip, the working nostril. But the self-command was perfect. If she had loved Leonard Leigh, no one but herself should know it—not even he whom she had loved. She did not pause to think whether he or Aveline might have discovered her attachment; they should, at least, learn it was only a childish fancy.

"That is done," she muttered, breathing freely. "One more thing, lest I forget it. I am really sorry, Aveline, for my part in that foolish play about the chevalier and Aunt Amicia. It amused me, that was all."

"But it did not amuse me," returned Aveline, gravely. "Still, I never bore you ill-will."

"I am sure of that. The fact is, we were all jealous of you. We saw that you were cutting us out with our natural kith and kin, and no one likes to be superseded. But you have the best of it, after all, and I hope we shall now be friends as well as cousins."

"I hope so, also. Perhaps I may see you when I go to Fontainebleau?"

"Of course you will. Now let me tell you about the dresses the bridesmaids are to wear, and that I should not be surprised at a third wedding. Captain Moore and Helen! He finds her submissive and womanly, like you, though not quite so good-looking."

And thus ended the first romance of Miss Elizabeth Dallimore. She would now have another rôle to play.

They returned to the house arm-in-arm beneath their sunshades and the broiling June sun. They found their mothers also discussing their respective weddings, and afternoon tea awaiting them. Aveline presided at the tea-table, and looked what she not only was, but would be for many a long year, the sunshine of Lisle Manor.

"Then, I suppose, Leonard will give up the secretaryship?" said Mrs. Dallimore, sipping her tea.

"It gives him up," replied Mrs. Lisle. "The late secretary, who only resigned on account of ill-health, has quite recovered, and Leonard has relinquished the office to him. He need not have done so, but it was just."

"Then what will he do now?" asked Mrs. Dallimore.

"For the present he will devote himself to authorship and—to us," replied Mrs. Lisle, glancing at Aveline. "I cannot part with my child. When I am gone, a more public career—"

"Hush, dearest mamma!" cried Aveline, jumping up and laying her hand on her mother's mouth.

Mrs. Lisle smiled as she kissed the hand and explained that Leonard had consented to relin-

quish London for a time, and to accept the management of the manor for her. There was much to do, and no one so fitted for the work as he. His success as an author was rapid, and he believed that he could consolidate it as well in country as in town, having no longer the intense anxiety of gaining a livelihood by his literary labours. He had already learnt that for the profession of literature, some sort of backbone was necessary to support the labours of the brain; an income, in short, however small. Mrs. Lisle said that he would be quite independent, since he would not only possess the proceeds of his authorship, but the fruit of Squire Lisle's bequest.

We have only further to record that before the year was out Leonard and Aveline assisted at the elaborate wedding of the beautiful Elizabeth Dallimore and the aristocratic Captain de Bellefontaine, and that the lady conducted herself with all bridelike composure and propriety.

The next spring our hero and heroine followed their example, and, as heroes and heroines should, made the hearts of all around them rejoice with them. Parson and clerk, domestics and villagers, parent and adopted parents, the Lisle school and the Blue school, with Lilywhite as head, old friends and young friends, assembled to wish the bride and bridegroom joy, and to partake of the hospitality of the new lady of the manor.

LONDON PIGEONS.

A CURIOUS crusade has lately been commenced in various quarters of London. At more than one of our large public buildings, pigeons have come to be regarded as something of a public nuisance. No doubt the public generally are under the impression that they are encouraged and preserved, and certainly they are so commonly found where the architectural details of a building afford them accommodation for nest-building, that it is not altogether unreasonable to suppose that a flight of pigeons is considered as indispensable to the dignity of a public edifice as a liveried doorkeeper. Artists have done a good deal to encourage this idea. What rooks are to a landscape, pigeons are to the representation of a city edifice having any pretensions to the picturesque. They are made to group together in clusters where architecture is bald and featureless, or they give light and shadow to a dull sky, or they are dotted here and there upon the ground, and give life and peaceful animation to the scene. There seems, too, to be an especial fitness in the presence of these birds round about buildings where there is usually somebody or other with little to do but to look after them.

Over the entrances to the Royal Exchange pigeons had lately become so numerous that great efforts have been made to get rid of them. This

it is by no means easy to do, and the authorities have even gone to the expense of having copper wire points fixed in every little nook and corner of the architecture, over the doorways, so as to bar out the pertinacious little intruders. These pigeons, it may be inferred, are not fed or fostered in any way, and the same may be said we believe of the pigeons in public buildings all over London, with the exception of one institution. In many cases they are very numerous. At the Houses of Parliament one of the officials reckoned the other day that there must be nearly 400; there were some time ago 180 or 200 at Guildhall; the Custom House in Lower Thames Street usually has a couple of hundred or so, and the British Museum had a short time ago over 200 of them. They have sometimes been pretty thick at the Mansion House, where some time ago they went through a time of great tribulation. The Lord Mayor had the edifice washed down with a fire-engine, and great was the astonishment and dismay of the inhabitants who had made themselves snug in the capitals of the pillars and other ornamental features of the building. St. Paul's Cathedral has its contingent, and the water tanks about its roofs are a good deal resorted to by the feathery throng about its crevices and corners, though it has been noticed that neither pigeons nor sparrows usually

venture higher than the leads upon which these tanks are situated. Pigeons very rarely, if ever, soar as high as the Golden Gallery.

At the British Museum their numbers have been systematically reduced of late, and the advent of one or two strangers is apparently regarded by the men responsible for the cleanliness of the broad flight of steps leading up to the entrance as rather vexatious. The very elaborate groups of statuary over the entrance is a favourite resort of the birds, as they find abundant accommodation for their nests, and are well sheltered. There are about eighty of them now, whereas, as it has been said, there were, a time ago, upwards of 200. They are being still further reduced as fast as it is found practicable. It is not, of course, permissible to shoot them at the British Museum, and, tame though they appear to be, they are not easily caught, though one or two of the officers of the Museum have, we understand, devised marvellously cunning traps for the purpose. When caught there has been some little objection to killing the pretty creatures, and one or two have been given away to be taken off to a distance. It need hardly be said that it has not taken them long to find their way back again.

The granaries of the riverside afford the pigeons and their humble friends the cockney sparrows abundant maintenance, to say nothing of nose-bags in the streets. It is curious to notice that a number of pigeons have taken up their quarters under one of the most unlikely bridges. Under the iron railway-bridge at Blackfriars they build, quite regardless of the thunder of the trains rumbling close above them night and day. One may peep down upon them through the ironwork of the bridge as they sit placidly on their nests only just out of reach. In the adjoining station at Blackfriars they are to be found industriously bustling about underneath the horses' heads, and no doubt they make a pretty good living of it.

The especial favourites of fortune among London pigeons, however, are, as it is fit and proper they should be, the City Corporation birds. It would be odd indeed if, at the very headquarters of British hospitality, the pigeons did not fare better than elsewhere. These lucky birds are the very aldermen of ornithological London. Nowhere else apparently do they get more than the meagre pittance which luck or casual charity may throw in their way. At the British Museum, not only are they not fed, but any cabman within the Museum precincts who should throw them a handful of corn from his nose-bag would, if he were observed, be reprov'd for it. But in Guildhall Yard, as regularly as the morning comes round, there is a sumptuous spread of peas provided at the expense of the Corporation. It was not always so; but some years ago it appears a mischievous person was taken before the magistrate in the neighbouring Court for cruelty to one of the birds. This gave rise to a question of ownership, and, if we are rightly informed, the charge was dismissed, the magistrate holding that the Corporation had no property in the birds, which were, in fact, wild birds. Thereupon a humane member of the Common Council proposed that henceforth one of

their own officers should feed them regularly, and thus acquire the right to protect them. This proposal was adopted, and has been acted upon ever since. Whether the law of the matter was as good as the intention we are unable to say. Whether the first pea that found its way into the crop of a pigeon at the City expense established a proprietary right in the bird, and if not the first, how many had to be eaten in order to create a legal right, would be a nice point for a couple of Chancery lawyers of the olden type. But whatever the law may be, the pigeons which have grown plump in Guildhall Yard on Corporation peas are commonly regarded as pertaining to the City as unquestionably as does an alderman who has grown portly on Corporation turtle soup.

Turkish Justice.

A traveller in Egypt, in the days of Abbas Pasha, sends an extract from his journal, which well illustrates the tyranny exercised by the Turkish rulers over the oppressed Egyptian natives. Almost all the pashas and other nobles are Turks. Here is the extract, which awakens a painful recollection in the writer, having been unwillingly a witness of wrong-doing, and unable at the time to express his suspicions as to the rogue of a Greek:—

Boulak, near Cairo, March 17th, 1850.—Witnessed to-day a curious specimen of Turkish justice. The dahabieh, in which we have already been as far as the second cataract, was, with its crew of Arabs, hired from the Pasha of Boulak, and is his property. On arriving here last evening, our dragoman and caterer—a Greek, named Constantine V—declared that several dozens of wine had been stolen by the boatmen, and that he expected to be repaid by the owner of the dahabieh. The Arabs stoutly denied the accusation.

"You lie, rascals! you lie!" vociferated the dragoman, "and shall instantly go before a magistrate!"

No sooner said than done. So we all forthwith adjourned to the Hall of Justice, where, upon a divan, sat the pasha himself, in magisterial dignity.

"State your case," he said, addressing the complainant.

The charge was duly repeated.

"Was the wine in a lockfast place, and had you the key in your possession?"

"N—o."

"Then I give judgment against you. There is not the slightest proof that the liquor was purloined by the crew."

"Oh, Effendi!" whined Constantine, "the value of the wine doesn't signify; what I desire is that my good patrons here should behold strict justice executed upon the guilty."

"Ah! that is quite another affair," said the pasha, blandly; viewing matters in a very different light now that his own pocket was not to be laid under contribution, but glad to display his consequence before the Franks. "I shall at once order the entire crew to be bastinadoed!"

As he spoke he crawled some words upon a bit of paper, which was handed to an attendant, who disappeared, followed by everybody present, to the Government yard for boat-building. There, without loss of time, several officials proceeded to throw the unfortunate Arabs, face downwards, on the ground, and to scourge the soles of their naked feet with bourbaches, or whips, made of a solid section of hippopotamus hide.

"I have worked hard to serve Christians once!" cried one of the victims, "but never—no, never!—shall I do so again!"

He evidently supposed it was at *our* instigation that the dragoman acted!

Rather a touching incident occurred just before the close of the proceedings, when one of the Arabs, after undergoing punishment, firmly but kindly insisted on helping his brother to lie in the proper position for being bastinadoed, lest that, by resistance, he might incur a severer flogging.

Corcoran's notes.

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LAST INSTRUCTIONS.

“ Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.”

—Shakespeare.

THE PREACHER ENDS HIS SERMON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EVE," ETC.



THE By-
ron, the
Heine,
almost the
Voltaire of
Jewish times
(save that he
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mon seems to
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of life towards the end of his sermon, and when he has settled his countenance steadfastly to contemplate the gladness and the brightness and the fresh hope of youth.

But, throughout his sermon, how more than mournfully the Preacher speaks to the busy, mocking, moaning, madning, hustling, jostling, laughing, shrieking, hoping and despairing millions, from his pulpit set up amongst them, in the very midst of Vanity Fair! It is, in some degree, St. Paul at Athens acted beforehand. There are the Temples of Jupiter, of Venus, of Mars, of Plutus, the child of Irene, of Minerva; shrines to Power, to Wisdom, to Fame, to Fortune, and to War, to Wealth, the offspring of Peace, to Beauty, to Pleasure, and to Earthly Love. But, amid them all, there was the confession of a hollow void, of a great craving want, a solitary altar "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

So here, in this Book of Ecclesiastes, the Preacher, in like manner, takes the worship of the world, and writes above every temple of its culture, and upon every shrine of its adoration, "VANITY OF VANITIES: ALL IS VANITY!"

And, in the later years, as each, once hopeful, now disenchanted and bitter-hearted, turns away in disgust from the idol-altar which has absorbed the worship, and the belief, and the golden hope of the spring, and, it may be, the summer, possibly part of the autumn, of life—how dear is this Book of Ecclesiastes to the tongue, as an armoury of bitter darts, of words of scorn, and pointed epigrams.

How one and another of not unkindly moralists have taken up the echo of the refrain of the melancholy, sated, worldling monarch,—*Vanitas vanitatum*. How, especially in our day, Thackeray used to love to ring the changes on those monotonously plaintive bells.

In now one language, now another, he would

repeat, and expand, and amplify this Preacher's bitter text; yet too much content to dwell upon the disease of this present evil world, and to keep back the good tidings of an answer to earth's enigma, an antidote to her bane.

Thus I remember to have read a poem of his, in the "Cornhill Magazine," in the days which have joined those of the long ago. I tried to gospelise the mournful sneer of the poet, and to quiet the heave and passion of the heart's working waters with that old "Peace! be still." Let me give here Thackeray's verses and my attempted answer.

His lines were written "between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish ambassador; in an Album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations." "How spake" (he asks),

"How spake, of old, the royal seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on.)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotos Mataioteton.

O student of this gilded Book,
Declare, while musing on its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
By ancient or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,
French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans,
And, in the volume polyglot,
Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here!
More wild than all romancers' stories;
What wondrous transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!
What chronicle of Fate's surprises—
Of adverse Fortune nobly borne,
Of chances, changes, ruins, rises

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,
How strange a record here is written!
Of honours dealt as if in joke,
Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise!
How high they were, and how they tumble!
O Vanity of vanities!
O laughable, pathetic jumble!

Here, between honest Janin's joke
And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I write my name upon the book—
I write my name—and end my sermon."

But he takes up his parable again, and preaches yet further on the same cheery, fascinating text :

"O Vanity of vanities !
How wayward the decrees of Fate are ;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are !

—' What mean these stale moralities,
Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble ?
Why rail against the great and wise,
And tire us with your ceaseless grumble ?

Pray choose us out another text,
O man morose and narrow-minded !
Come, turn the page.'

—I read the next,
And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
And Folly set in place exalted ;
How princes footed in the dust,
While lackies in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablet penned it,—

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still,
He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here, at St. Peter's at Cornhill,
As yonder on the Mount of Hermon ;

For you and me to heart to take
(O dear beloved brother readers)
To-day, as when the good king spake
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars."

Now here, it seemed to me, was the emptiness of the world stated, but the fulness which came to meet the void left out; the intense acid of the sting, without the alkali of the remedy; the adder's bite, but not the sweet-oil which should soothe its throbbing and heal its venom. So the spirit burned within me, and, for lack of a better, I spake :

"O, shadow voice of that old lamentation,
The bankrupt-hearted Hebrew monarch's moan,
Why gloom the air with tolling iteration ?
Why numb our hearts with ceaseless monotone ?

Why, echo of earth's wisest son of folly,
Dwell ever on that single minor chord,
And turn glad tidings into melancholy,
And offer cypress to thy cradled Lord ?

Why, when the heavens are white with thronging angels,
Strew earth with funeral-robcs their steps to greet ?
Why beat on skulls reply to their evangels,
Now Death lies vanquished 'neath the victor's feet !

Hast thou not heard, hast thou not seen, nor read it ?
How the worn Earth in expectation waiteth,—
Not for a bubble ;—for Himself hath said it,
That He who made ere long regenerateth !

The whole creation is in groan and travail,
The great new birth of Nature is at hand ;
The clue is ours ;—O let us watch unravel
The perfect order the Divine hath planned !

Wilt thou still cry, at evensong and matin,
Thy burden, ' All is vanity and loss !'
Still write, in Hebrew, and in Greek and Latin,
THIS superscription o'er the Saviour's cross ?

Leave the sad Hebrew monarch's mournful tasking,
Nor blindly draw the curtain back again
Before the mighty answer to Earth's asking,
Prophets and kings desired to see, in vain !

In awe, apart, and with your heart communing,
Be still, and listen for the accents clear ;
Hush that jarred cry, that waited but for tuning,
A greater far, than Solomon, is here !

A hand that thrusts back* earth's wild tears and laughter,
Raises the dead, and calms the demon-thrill ;
A voice that o'er life's troubled, tossing water
Has spoken, ' Peace, be still !'

For us, for every world-sick heart, 'twas spoken. Take it,
Brother, this ending of the Preacher's story :—
Lo ! David's Son, the Sad and Loving, spake it,
When bowed beneath the garden olives hoary !"

And indeed that old Hebrew "King Ecclesiast" did end his sermon with a better Evangel than the Evangel, or "Dus-angel" rather, of our modern poetic moralists. He gave *some* foundation to rest upon, after kicking away all the rickety scaffoldings on which gazing myriads stand to see the world's shows. He did not merely mix with the crowds, to laugh a bitter laugh at their folly, and to turn on his heel with a gibe; or to draw aside the curtain which hides for each the secret skeleton, and bid them pretend themselves to join in the general laugh which followed upon the exposure. No, he touched, it is true, the glittering world-bubbles with his remorseless and unwavering wand, but, sorrowful to see the colour die and the gleam fade, he did, in the end, point to the source from which the earth-spheres borrowed their unreal and transitory light.

"Let us hear," he says, "the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

A text illustrated afterwards by the artist-pencil of an Apostle :

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth." It is vanity, the promise of the Spring. Look how the heat of the later Summer hath burnt up the fields ! But despair not, therefore ; beyond instability there is stability : "The word of the Lord abideth for ever."

* St. Mark v. 38—41.

And it is touching to see how the bitter view of the world-sated king does mellow towards the end, and there is a subcript of hope to his cynical and melancholy sermon. A tenderer twilight dusks upon the broad daylight glare of his pitiless exposures, and some good in something, some possibility of a work not all vanity, is allowed ere, as the wail of some lonely wind, the weird mournfulness of that solitary voice dies away.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters;" even as the Egyptians are wont to do upon old over-brimmed Nile: and though thy good sowing seem swallowed up, and to leave no trace at all in the sullen ooze, yet count not thy loving trust thrown away. "For thou shalt find it after many days." And if thy heart be full of love, thy life cannot choose but be full of blessing; even as "if the clouds be full of rain," they must "empty themselves upon the earth;" nor pause to see first whether the plains be of grateful vegetation or of arid sand, whereon they pour their "showers of blessing." And if the tree fell northward, in a cold, ungrateful quarter, or southward, to a more genial clime, yet there the tree lies, and abides, a secure possession. "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." And he bids his hearers be trustful, and to commit themselves to ventures of kindness. Never lose an occasion, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." One or the other sowing may prosper: nay (and this is wonderful for sardonic Solomon), possibly both may be "alike good." And he owns that there was, at least once, a sweetness in life; once, in the day when he was young, and the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of evil yet ungathered for him. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." But he is as one who has gazed too boldly upon the sun, or some dazzling lesser light, and who, turning away, sees henceforth a blot on all things. "Vanity of vanities!" he still recurs to the text. Even "childhood and youth are vanity." Vanity all. Whether it were the grosser cup of sensual, or the more refined cup of intellectual, indulgence, he has found at the bottom of every one either gall or cinders.

Wholly he cannot keep this refrain of cynical thought from his softened, tenderer contemplation of even the young in their gladness, and glory, and winningness, and joy. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!" Regard not my cynical and bitter periods; let them not make the hands hang down with despair, when there seems the world for a workshop, nor the knees, the "pillars of the house," to waver feebly, when the race is scarce begun; the spring of the eager start yet recent, and all crowns of glory and delight but waiting to be gained! Nay, you would never pause to regard me, if I laid hand on your strong shoulder, to point you to the withered heap of mine: the pile of "garlands dead" that I glowingly strove after, and easily won, and bitterly cast aside almost "before they were withered." See the brown rosebuds in them, that once were wet with the dew of heaven, fresh as those in the love-crown after which you pant and strain! Look at these sere laurel-wreaths, dried into crisp

tinder; at these of myrtle and bay; at these of Spring's promise, of Summer's glory, of Autumn's fruition. Ah! you have shot past me with a smile, and shall I reproach you? Nay, it is the way of life: "that which hath been shall be:" and how should the leaping fire, with its abundance of fuel-store, prognosticate the cooling hearth and the smouldering ashes at last?

Still, for all that, take a warning with you, not to muddy, but to clear, life's sparkling stream for you, as amid your glad toil you stoop to drink abundantly. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth." But, remember, that the Day of God's Judgment lies beyond it. "Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh. For"—I *must* have my last saying concerning it, though more in sorrow and tenderness than in sarcasm and bitterness here—"For childhood and youth are vanity."

Rejoice! Yes, and an Apostle echoes the invitation. Rejoice—ah but, he gives immediately the gold-test of the word: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and (then) again I say, Rejoice!" So Solomon, "Rejoice"—yes, by all means; although I—But never mind my miserable experience: Rejoice:—nevertheless, if you would have your rejoicing a planet, and not a falling star, put away evil from thy flesh, remember the scrutiny which awaits your young thoughtless hours: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," while they are still bright, and hopeful, and joyous; "while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." While the sky is blue and fair above thee, and the lights of thy firmament are not hid by sullen night and murky gathering clouds. "While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain,"—instead of melting away easily and tenderly into the azure of the morning sky.

Rejoice, only consider how you are using the rich capital with which you start in life: the abundant portion with which your Father hath dowered you. Let not your investments be put out at large present interest, but with, in time, assured loss of the capital. Let not your sowing be of dragon's teeth, from which armed enemies shall, hereafter, spring up to attack your peace. Rejoice now, I will not bar you. But—Look on to the coming years!

Thus reading and musing over the end of the sad Preacher's sermon, I, the present writer, cannot but call to mind an incident which befel me, in my sojourn for a night at the house of a friend. A friend, for I seemed at once admitted to that footing, although I had only the claim of that first day's acquaintance, for I had but come as "a guest that tarrieth but a day," on deputation mission work.

And, in the evening, sitting with the ladies, and the talk being of children, so it was, that a photographic album was produced. For some one of the party had spoken of a nephew of hers, whose parents had determined to have their boy every year, from that of his birth, photographed for their delight. And in this album, sure enough, there the little fellow was, portrayed in the different

stages of his development, from one year to twelve.

First, the infant, smiling and crowing in his nurse's arms, or, rather, in a yet earlier stage, lying placidly and passively on the mother's lap. Then short-coated; next, in frocks, with sturdy naked legs, and naked bust; then, petticoats discarded, white-trousered half-way down the leg, and with tunic; then knickerbockers; then the full trousers and the Eton jacket.

It was an interesting panorama. And there was no hint of sadness in it, for it was but a panorama of development so far, with future, fuller development waiting in the coming years. From the infant to the merry schoolboy. Yet, then, with a tinge of thought coming on the brow of the bonny face. At twelve years old,—the age of delicious possibilities,—the series broke off. Childhood had but attained to the threshold of youth. The age of conscious growth had scarcely yet been reached; far less the years of conscious decadence and decay. Time wrote no wrinkle on the happy brow:—and here the book, and the story, and the portrait series closed.

Yet, afterwards, in my own mind, I could not but continue the panorama of a life, even to the verge of sadness. If the series went on long enough—what then? Twelve, aye, and the teens, on to twenty. All blithe and young yet. Thirty? A gravity on the bright spring face, as of mature summer. Forty? A deepening mark, here and there; no wrinkle yet. Fifty? A furrowed brow, and, in the hair, the "churchyard daisies" (as men with bitter levity speak of grey hairs) thickening on the head. Sixty: Seventy: Eighty: gradations of care-stamped features; of deep-sown sorrow-lines; of grooves cut by anxiety's chisel; of crow-feet that dried tears have channelled; of patient endurance left in the dimness of the eyes, from which hopes so many and so vivid winged their flight these long years ago. There would be a sadness, a very deep sadness, in the book of photographs, if it indeed went on long enough.

The smooth glad brow, the face radiant, because of the many hopes that were in him, and because of the glory of life, and the pleasantness of seeing the sun. And, a few pages on, the brow of thought, the look of care, glee, gladness, hope, for this world, gone. And, at best, a patient waiting peace; at worst, a furrowed bitter despair, come in the place of the sonnie happy faces of those cumulating years of youth. So strong, on this page, and, it may be, towards the end of this picture history, weakness portrayed; the firm-set mouth falling open into the feeble smile; the bright keen eyes grown wandering and lack lustre. "Second childishness and mere oblivion: sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Well, it is not the consideration of youth gone, with its forces and its joys of mere being, that saddens the heart in such a contemplation. No, for waiting Simeon, and divine St. John, and many another saint of God, have, in all ages, found the end of this life rather Hope's birth than its grave; and the summit they had toiled so far to ascend, indeed but a hillock, from which they were permitted to view the heights of the Delect-

able Mountains. No, it is not the loss of youth here that would sadden the old man most, in contemplating, in such an album, the pictured history of his own life, as he neared its close.

It would rather be, if he rightly considered of the matter, the sad remembrance of wasted youth, of lost opportunities, and occasions let slip. The thought of what things, even at the best, were, and what they might have been!

Nor need we wait to eighty for such melancholy retrospect, if indeed our sowing were of the wind, and our reaping of that intensified. How sad these words of a young man of genius, written in his Bible:—

"When I received this volume small,
My years were barely seventeen,
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas! I might have been!

And now my years are thirty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be—what now I am!"

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth! Yes, but be sure that there is greater *pleasure*, even here and now, in passing untouched (which has to be done) the sparkling cup of sinful, or doubtful, or, to thee, dangerous delights. There is, in this,—bracing to the mind; the approval of conscience; the smile of God.

And though there be, as there is, reception for the penitent, through Christ Jesus, yet pardon is, after all, another thing than praise. And the reception of the prodigal is, when all has been said, a very different return from the triumph of the conqueror.

So the Preacher ends his sermon. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

The Boa-Constrictor.—Some young boa-constrictors were hatched last year at the Zoological Society's Gardens. In captivity we believe it is seldom that all the offspring are reared. They attain their full size very slowly. When they have grown to a great length, say forty feet, they must have also attained a very great age. In captivity the boa lays about thirty eggs; but the habits cannot be well-known of the reptile in its wild condition. A boa-constrictor arrived at Brazil, and after some weeks, upon opening the case in which she had travelled, a confused mass was seen in front of her. It proved to be forty young snakes, rolled up promiscuously together, which, on being disturbed, took refuge under their mother's body. They were transported to a warm compartment, duly heated. They were about the thickness of a finger, of a paler colour than their parent, but all marked with similar spots. Three little snakes, which it was difficult to get at, being under their mother's body, were left with her; but after some days had passed it was proposed to remove the whole number to another cage, warmed and arranged for them. It was then discovered that one little snake was dead, crushed down upon the ground under its mother's body, the other two were nowhere to be found—not a trace of them was left, and it was therefore concluded that the old serpent had devoured her offspring.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, K.C.B.



[From a photograph by Fradelle.]

[SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, henceforth to be known as Baron Wolseley, was born near Dublin in 1833, the son of Major Wolseley, in the 25th Regiment of Foot, and entered the army in 1852. He served with the 8th Foot in the Burmese War of that year. In the Crimea he won distinction while serving with the 90th Light Infantry. At the siege of Sebastopol he was severely wounded. He was present at the capture of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny, and he took part also in the Chinese campaign of 1860. In 1867 he commanded the expedition to the Red River; and in 1873 he carried the Ashantee War to a successful issue, receiving the thanks of Parliament and a grant of £25,000 for his "courage, energy, and perseverance." He was also then created a K.C.B. With the honours that crowded upon him came other duties. In 1874 he was sent to Natal to administer the affairs, and his services were again called into requisition there in the settlement of Zululand at the close of the last war. In 1878 he was appointed Administrator of the Island of Cyprus. At the time of the outbreak in Egypt he was holding the office of Quartermaster-General. The celerity with which he brought the recent campaign to a close gives him higher historical rank than any of his previous achievements.]

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. MITCHELL, R.E.

THE British soldier, perhaps, never bore so high a character as now. Reluctant as we are to admit the dire necessity of war, it is gratifying when a general like Sir Garnet Wolseley, at the close of a campaign, praises not only the gallantry of his men in the field, but their good conduct in camp and quarters. Civilians will be interested at the present time in some account of the soldier's ordinary routine life.

The recruiting sergeant, so long a familiar figure in fact and fiction, has lost much of his importance in these latter days. The system of recruiting for the Line is now largely carried on at the

new brigade depôts, and by the aid of advertisements. Every recruit has to answer certain questions, the most important being, whether he is married? or belongs to any regiment? or is an apprentice? and whether he has ever served in the army or navy? He has also to pass a doctor's examination, that it may be ascertained whether he is what the insurances call "a good life."

Should the recruit select an Infantry regiment he enlists for seven years with "the colours" (regular forces), and for five years with the "Army Reserve." If for the Royal Engineers he enlists for eight years and four years respectively; and if

for the Cavalry he engages to serve eight years in the regular forces, and then to pass for four years into the Army of Reserve, but he can, if he pleases, enlist for twelve years army service. At the commencement of his twelfth year of service with the "colours" he can, if well conducted, and a non-commissioned officer, and his commanding officer considers his further services are desirable, re-engage for an additional nine years with the "colours," so as to make a total of twenty-one years' service, when he becomes entitled to a pension for life of from eightpence to four shillings and sixpence a day, and ceases to be a soldier. Should he happen to be serving abroad when any of his periods of engagement expire, he is sent free of expense to the United Kingdom. If at the expiration of twenty-one years' service he wishes to continue in the army, he may be permitted to do so, but he can at any time after obtain his discharge by giving three months' notice to his commanding officer.

A few years ago the soldier often commenced his career somewhat heavily in debt to the Government for part of his outfit; but now he receives, free of charge, a kit containing flannel shirts, gloves, stockings, a comb, hair-brush, knife, fork, shaving-brush, a pair of boots, etc., etc. He also receives his uniform. These articles are kept up at his own cost, but every year he receives two suits of clothing and two pairs of boots. If in the Infantry he receives only one suit. Thus he enters military life. When a soldier receives his first outfit he is given a number, which he retains throughout his service, and which is always before his eyes, for is it not indelibly imprinted upon every article of his kit?—not even his shaving-brush and razor escaping. However, the "number invention," a very old one, is a good idea, for although any number of John Joneses may enter a regiment or corps, there can only be one John Jones No. 1,250, shall we say, any other John Jones being identified by a different number. Soldiers, though there are exceptions, are usually careful of their clothes, and spend little upon their dress.

The life of a soldier is in these days pleasant enough, and is certainly, as an Irishman remarked to the writer, a "fine situation in time of peace." The barracks are the soldier's home, and his daily avocations, although they savour somewhat of routine, are varied by many duties. At the outset of his career he has a good deal to learn, and the Royal Engineers, in addition to their other duties, go through a good deal of instruction in throwing up field works, making gabions and fascines, and constructing and repairing temporary bridges. They also learn pontooning and mining, and those who have an aptitude study printing, telegraphy, and photography.

The round of a clock in a garrison town runs pretty much as follows. The men rise about 6 a.m. to the shrill note of bugles. After dressing, and making the room tidy—putting beds in order, taking care to fold the sheets and blankets after the prescribed fashion—they sit down about 8 a.m. to breakfast; coffee and bread are the principal components. The barrack-rooms are

then left in charge of the "cook's mate," or orderly man, who puts everything in place, and the other soldiers busy themselves in polishing their rifles, cleaning their belts, accoutrements, etc., and then fall in (about 9.30 or 10 a.m.) upon the parade for morning drill.

If recruits, they learn marching, the use of the rifle, bayonet exercise, and setting-up drill; if old soldiers, they usually practise marching, company and battalion movements, etc.

Artillerymen have special gun-drill, and the Royal Engineers (recruits excepted) are employed a great deal upon Government works after they have learned their drill.

About noon the men sit down to a dinner of meat and potatoes. The Government daily allowance is three-quarters of a pound of meat—uncooked, and including bone—and one pound of bread. Vegetables and groceries are purchased by the soldiers. Abroad, one pound of meat is given. It seems a pity it is not of the best quality, but, being supplied by "contract," the price is often only about 6½d. to 7d. a pound, though the market price for *really good* meat is unfortunately rarely under 10d. or 1s.

Complaints are occasionally made to the officer whose duty it is to visit the soldiers at meal times and ascertain, as far as practicable, if their food is good, but the soldiers are usually satisfied with their meals, and leave nothing but empty plates and bones, the latter falling to the share of the numerous dogs that hang about the barracks. We have been told of a Roman Catholic soldier who on Fridays would not eat his dinner, and the officer on duty noticing one day his repast cooling on his plate, and the owner sitting on the side of his bed instead of at table with his comrades, suggested that the dinner should be given to them, but it was explained that although the Roman Catholic would not eat meat on Fridays at noon, he was in the habit of rising a little after midnight and then devouring the cold dinner, so that by one o'clock on Saturday he had eaten as much meat as his Protestant comrades.

This incident occurred at Woolwich many years ago, and was related to the writer by an officer who was present. We believe now that Roman Catholic soldiers have a perpetual dispensation to eat meat on Fridays.

The men spend a portion of their afternoons in drill, rifle practice, or in something useful, and do what they please for the rest of the time. About four or five o'clock the evening meal appears, consisting chiefly of tea and bread.

In the Royal Horse Artillery and in Cavalry regiments the daily work is more severe. The men often rise about 5.30 a.m., and soon after proceed to the stables, where they minister to the wants of their steeds, give a polish to their horse equipments, which are always kept in capital order, and clean the stables. Breakfast follows, and when that important meal has been dispatched, it is probably half-past eight. Soon afterwards, but often before breakfast, they boot and saddle for their morning ride of about two hours.

After their return they brush up their rooms, and a little before noon proceed at trumpet call

to the stables, and busy themselves there; and, unless there be some parade or review, they have the afternoon pretty much to themselves. At six p.m. the horses are put to bed, and once more the horsemen are at liberty.

During the evening, in both Cavalry and Infantry barracks, a variety of military calls upon trumpets or bugles are added to the other noises which generally are borne upon the evening air, reminding the soldiers how the time is going, for at 10 p.m. they are obliged to be in their barracks to answer to their names, and a quarter of an hour later they are expected to be in bed, and all fires and lights extinguished. Of course there are the sentries who do not go to bed, but walk steadily up and down or stand at their posts—a terror to those of their comrades who have been on the “spree” and who would gladly march off to their rooms and tumble into bed. One of the most trying duties of a soldier is sentry duty *at night*—so the doctors say, and we suppose they are right.

However, this duty is only performed by a private; and as a steady, intelligent, and industrious man is soon promoted, it is very much in the power of individuals to command their own position and comfort.

Even all privates do not go on sentry. There are the officers' servants, who only go on sentry when their masters are on guard, and whose occupations, though constant, are light, and have plenty of time to lounge about, gossip, and smoke their pipes. There are also the soldier clerks, who fill in all sorts of forms, and copy all sorts of letters, but who keep their heads clear for work all day by lying in bed all night.

Life on board ship is not popular with soldiers. If the regiment be ordered abroad, the Horse Guards and Admiralty arrange for conveyance, probably by a troop-ship—a steamer under man-of-war regulations. Once on board, a soldier is allotted to a mess, and has a hammock served out to him. His duties on board the “trooper” differ widely from those on shore; the early scrubbing of decks, pulling heavy wet ropes, and keeping watch, are not interesting to him. His hammock is at first a source of trouble. He must sling it at night and unsling it in the morning, carry it up on deck, and fold it up in a particular way. At night it is not an easy experiment, especially if he has long legs, stowing himself away comfortably in its folds.

He frequently longs for his barrack-room with its iron bedstead, and misses and mourns over the want of other shore comforts—the canteen and recreation-room and ground. He also laments the loss of the maidens before whose admiring eyes he was wont to air his new uniform. However, he is well fed on board ship. His rations include tinned and salted meat, flour, raisins, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, preserved potatoes, etc.

The soldier's pay is an interesting question, though by no means a simple one, and the following tabular statement will elucidate the question, showing the *Weekly Pay*, or allowance, of a private soldier of each branch of the army. It is taken from the New Pay Warrant and New Clothing Warrant.

| | Pay and De- ferred Pay. | Rations. | Lodging. | Fuel and Light. | Clothing. | TOTAL. |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|----------|----------|-----------------|-----------|--------|
| | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| Household Cavalry | 13 5 | 3 6 | 2 4 | 0 3½ | not known | |
| Cavalry of the Line | 9 4 | 3 6 | 2 4 | 0 3½ | 1 7 | 17 0½ |
| Royal Horse Artillery | 10 6 | 3 6 | 2 4 | 0 3½ | 1 7 | 18 2½ |
| Garrison Ditto | 9 7½ | 3 6 | 2 4 | 0 3½ | 1 4 | 19 10 |
| Royal Engineer Troops | 10 6 | 3 6 | 2 4 | 0 3½ | 2 1½ | 18 9 |
| Ditto Companies | 9 0½ | 3 6 | 2 4 | 0 3½ | 1 8 | 16 10 |
| Infantry { Guards | 8 9 | 3 6 | 2 4 | 0 3½ | 1 6½ | 16 5 |
| { Line | 8 2 | 3 6 | 2 4 | 0 3½ | 1 1½ | 15 4½ |

Messing, about 3½d. or 4d. a day, washing-up, keep of kit, clothing, shirts, flannels, hair-cutting, barrack damages, and generally a library subscription, pipe-clay, brass ball, blacking, etc., to be defrayed by the soldier. It is not known if medical attendance is estimated.

Before the Crimean War, medals were rare in the army, afterwards they were plentifully distributed, some being fortunate enough to obtain the English, French, Turkish, and Sardinian for that campaign.

The *first* medal ever granted was bestowed in the reign of Charles I, to those engaged in “forlorn hopes.” The defeat of the Scottish army at Dunbar was commemorated by gold and silver medals being presented to the victorious army, and a medal was also given in remembrance of the fatal field of Culloden. Many years after the battle was fought, one was given for Waterloo. The troops engaged in the siege of Seringapatam received a medal attached to a yellow riband, and the 42nd Regiment had a silver medal specially conferred for the exploit of capturing a standard from Napoleon's “Invincible Legion” at the Battle of Alexandria.

The Peninsular Campaign, the Kaffir War, the Indian Mutiny, Chinese Wars, the Abyssinian and Ashanti and Zulu Campaigns, are all kept in remembrance by medals.

A small sum is annually voted to supply good conduct medals and gratuities of £5 to soldiers of long service and meritorious conduct.

These are limited by the grant, and therefore all soldiers, though they may have the necessary qualification, do not obtain the coveted prize till their turn comes. There is also the bronze Victoria Cross for deeds of valour in a campaign, the silver medal for distinguished conduct in the field, and the silver medal (with small annuity) occasionally granted for distinguished or meritorious service, and also the “Albert” medal.

Small money prizes are given for good artillery practice and rifle shooting.

The soldier is housed at small cost, either in hospital, barracks, or prison. Should any of those buildings be burned, it signifies nothing to him, provided he is not burned also. Even his clothes may be destroyed for all he cares, for under such circumstances he is provided with a fresh supply at the public expense.

During the period the Army of Occupation was quartered in Paris (1815) a malignant disease raged among the troops, and many died. The danger of removing the dead from the hospitals to the "mortuaries" was considered to warrant those employed on the duty being paid five shillings for every corpse removed. A half-drunken soldier once nearly turned this salutary regulation to a purpose—let us hope peculiar to himself. Feeling very thirsty, and finding his pockets empty, he suddenly recollected the five shilling grant. He walked into an hospital and carefully scanned the patients; but though many were dangerously ill, none were dead. The rascal, however, was determined to earn his money, and going to the bedside of a man apparently near his end, threw him over his shoulders and carried him off. Passing down stairs with his burden, to him appeared the doctor, and the following remarkable dialogue ensued:—

Doctor.—Where are you taking that man?

Soldier.—To the dead-house, sir.

Doctor.—Why, he is *not* dead.

Soldier.—Oh! yes he is, sir.

Patient, in a feeble voice.—No, I am not dead, sir.

Soldier.—Don't believe him, sir, don't believe him, he is the biggest liar in the whole regiment.

Doctor. Take him back, you rascal, and keep out of my way.

Let us hope the incident will not be repeated while the Army of Occupation is quartered in Egypt.

An important matter is the regulation respecting soldiers' marriages. Only four out of every hundred, second corporals and corporals included, are permitted to have wives, but two-thirds of the sergeants are allowed to be married, and all staff-sergeants and warrant-officers. This limited number pleases neither the soldiers nor their female admirers, and, in consequence, marriages are constantly made without the consent of the commanding officer, and much misery results.

There are many benevolent persons in England whose money is directed to the support of the charitable institutions which grace the country, but there is not *one* to afford a shelter to the soldier's wife, abandoned to the mercy of the world when her husband is ordered on foreign service, and is obliged to leave her, and often a numerous family, behind. We have seen the powers of the Model Lodging-Houses in providing comfortable homes for a portion of the respectable poor of London, and we believe hundreds of those whose lot it has been to witness the daily struggles of the poverty-stricken soldier's wife would cordially lend their aid to the erection of lodging-houses for the accommodation of *at least some few* deserving soldiers' families, preference being given to the most needy and most deserving cases.

The efforts made by Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar to ameliorate the occasional hardships incidental to the life of a soldier's wife in the garrison of Portsmouth, may, it is hoped, awaken responsive chords in other garrison towns in the United Kingdom. Miss Robinson's

"Homes" are too well known to need notice here.

When we say only four per cent. are permitted to have wives, we mean that only that number are allowed to embark with their husbands for foreign service. Those above that number who have married with leave are allowed to live with their families *out of* barracks unless married quarters are vacant. Those who have married *without leave* are not permitted to have their wives in barracks, or to participate in any of the advantages allowed by regulation to "married soldiers."

British soldiers have been accustomed to be commanded by gentlemen, and led by men they can honour and respect, and it is to be hoped, under the new system of "Non-purchase," such men may always be forthcoming. Some officers wonderfully combine mental and bodily powers of no ordinary kind with great and commanding capacity, also extensive military knowledge, both from study and experience. Men of this stamp invariably maintain ascendancy over those with whom they are in frequent contact. A commanding-officer ought to be regarded as the father of his regiment. He is, by his position, invested with authority that renders him responsible to his sovereign and country for the maintenance of discipline, order, and a proper system of economy, and every officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier under his command ought to assist him to the utmost.

The power of discipline over men of every shade of temperament and opinion renders many a soldier a useful member of society when he leaves the army, and induces habits of cleanliness, self-reliance, and respect, which materially aid him in obtaining situations in civil life.

Infantry regiments, in place of being known by numbers, are now known as territorial regiments, and consist of four—in some cases of five—battalions. The Rifle Brigade absorbs nine Line and Militia battalions. Specimen cases are as follows. The Black Watch consists now of four battalions—the 42nd Highlanders, the 73rd Regiment, the Royal Perth Militia, and a 4th battalion (not yet formed). The Royal Irish territorial regiment consists now of five battalions—the 1st and 2nd Battalions 18th Foot, the Wexford Militia, the North Tipperary Militia, and the Kilkenny Militia. But this is too wide a subject to be here sufficiently discussed.

American Ladies in Europe.—"Harper's Bazar" states that one of the most intimate friends of Queen Victoria for the last thirty years is an American lady, Mrs. Van der Weyer; Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Mandeville, Lady Anglesey, Lady Harcourt, Lady John Lister Kaye, Lady Fernor-Hesketh, and Lady Colin Campbell are all Americans; the Princesse de Lynar, of Berlin, came from Columbus, Ohio; the Princesse de Noër, a cousin of Victoria by marriage and sister-in-law of the Dowager Queen of Denmark, was a Miss Lee, of New York; the Duchessa Laute della Novere was a Miss Davis; the Princesse Louis de Bourbon, the Duchesse de Praslin, and the Roman Princesses Cenci, Brancaccio, and Giustiniani are also Americans; while the crown of Holland, in the person of the late Prince of Orange, was refused five years ago by an American lady in Paris. [This paragraph is no doubt specially interesting to republican readers.]

ELECTRICITY AND ITS USES.

X.—CURATIVE.

A GREAT deal has already been done in the employment of electricity for curative purposes, especially in surgery; but the whole subject is unfortunately surrounded by that umbra of mystery in which the quack takes refuge. There are signs, however, of a more scientific treatment of the subject in the future, and even now a great deal has been accomplished. The slight shocks given by intermittent currents when passed through the body have long been employed effectively to stimulate the nerves in cases of paralysis or feeble action, and to reduce watery tumours. By producing a contraction of the muscles of the chest they have also been used to revive the breathing in persons rescued from drowning. Muscular contraction by the current was observed as long ago as 1678, by Sevammerdam, who showed it by the example of a frog's limbs to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, by means of dissimilar metals, a discovery which was afterwards made again by Professor Galvani. To produce the contraction the current must traverse lengthwise a portion of the nerve controlling the muscle; and it is curious to note that if the current flows as it were *from* the brain along the muscle, it affects the *motor* nerve on making the circuit and the *sensory* nerve on breaking the circuit, whereas if the current is sent along the muscle *towards* the brain the sensory nerve is affected on making the circuit and the motor nerve on breaking it. This would seem to indicate the direction in which the nervous energy travels through these nerves.

The intermittent currents used in this way are generally produced by the induction coil or by a small magneto-electric machine. The coil is illustrated, in its single form, in Fig. 5, and consists of a bundle of iron wires (c) forming a "core" surrounded by a coil of stout insulated copper wire of a few turns. This short coil of low resistance is termed the "primary" circuit, and the current from a voltaic battery of, say,

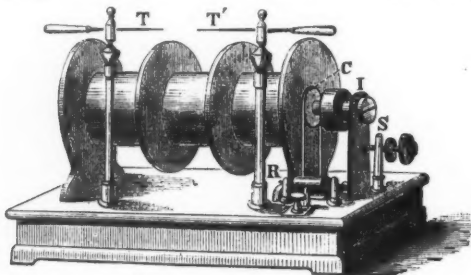


FIG. 5.

several Grove or Bunsen cells, is sent through it. Enclosing it, however, is a second coil, consisting of a great many turns of very fine insulated wire. This long coil of high resistance is termed the

"secondary" circuit; and whenever the primary circuit is *closed* a momentary inverse current of high electro-motive force is *induced* in the neighbouring secondary circuit through the mass of insulator between them. This current is in the reverse direction to the battery current in the primary, but as it is only momentary it simply produces a spark. When, however, the circuit of the primary is again *opened*, another momentary current is induced in the secondary in the *same* direction as the current which had flowed in the primary, and another spark is produced. By keeping up this opening and closing, or "make" and "break" action, in the primary, a succession or stream of sparks can be obtained from terminals (t t') of the secondary circuit. This is effected by means of an automatic interruptor of the current in the primary circuit. The usual interruptor consists of a hammer-head of iron (i) supported by a steel spring opposite one end of the iron core of the coil, and resting on a platinum contact-spring (s). The current enters the primary through the contact thus made, and, magnetising the core, attracts the iron-head away from the spring, thus breaking the circuit of the primary. The magnetism of the core thereupon ceasing, the iron-head swings back again into contact with the spring and re-establishes the circuit of the primary when the same action is repeated.

In order to suppress the sparks produced on "making" the primary and leave those produced on breaking it predominate, a small currency, such as we have described in a previous paper, is connected across the ends of the primary circuit. This has the effect of causing a gradual rather than a sudden rush of current into the primary on making, and a very sudden stoppage of the current on breaking; both effects favouring the predominance of the secondary sparks on breaking.

In order to reverse the direction of the battery-current at pleasure, or stop it altogether, M. Ruhmkorff, whose induction coils are the most perfect, devised a small commutator (R), in which the battery-poles are connected to two cheeks of brass on the opposite sides of an ivory barrel mounted on an axle between two springs which press upon them and are connected to the ends of the primary circuit. When by means of a small handle the barrel is turned so as to change the cheeks in contact with the springs, the current is reversed, and when it is turned so as to bring the springs in contact with the ivory instead, the current is cut off.

The magneto-electric machines used to generate intermittent currents, which yield a stream of sparks, are generally composed of horseshoe steel magnets (M, Fig. 6) with bobbins of wire (B) rotated by hand in front of their poles, and fitted with handles (H H) connected to the coils in such a way that the patient can take the current in that

way through his frame. A great variety of electrodes for applying the current to different parts

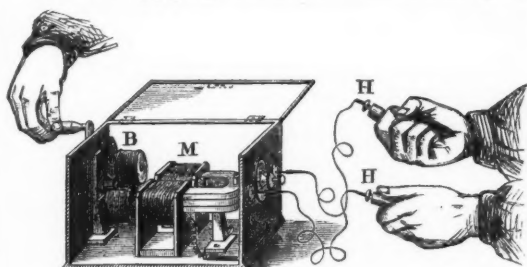


FIG. 6.

of the body are, however, constructed, some being formed of damp sponge or pith.

Such magneto-electric generators, and others in which the spark is produced by the sudden wrenching of the bobbins away from the poles of the magnets, are employed as mine-exploders in blasting operations and torpedo work. In this case the explosive material is fired by the spark passing between two metal points placed in the mass; but mines are also fired by means of a fuse which is ignited by the passage of a battery-current through a medium of high resistance, such as a fine platinum wire, so as to heat it red-hot.

Fine platinum wires, rendered incandescent by the electric current after the manner of an electric

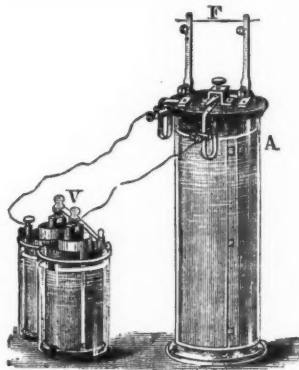


FIG. 7.

lamp, are also employed in surgery to excise morbid flesh, the white-hot wire not only cutting away the diseased part, but cauterising the wound and preventing loss of blood from the operation. In such cases the current is usually supplied by a voltaic battery or a charged accumulator, as in Fig 7, where (A) is the accumulator being charged by another battery (V), and (F) is the fine wire rendered white-hot. Tiny electric lights, too, produced by the incandescence of a platinum wire are used by dentists to illuminate the cavities of decayed teeth, and others enclosed in little balls of glass have actually been introduced into the stomach so as to illuminate the walls and reflect an image of their appearance up a pipe running out of the mouth for the surgeon's examination.

It would occupy too much of our space to de-

scribe in detail all the minor applications of electricity now in vogue; but one or two more remain to be mentioned before concluding the present series of papers. The incandescent platinum wire we have just referred to is also used to light petroleum lamps, and the spark has been utilised in lighting rows of gas jets automatically by simply passing it through each jet in turn. The lamp-lighter for domestic use is shown in Fig. 8, and

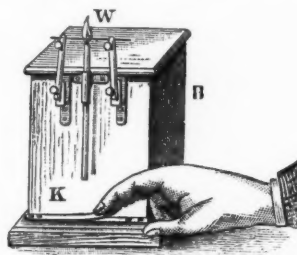


FIG. 8.

consists of a small box (B) containing a voltaic battery which, on pressing a key (K), sends a current through a platinum wire (W) brought close to the wick of the lamp or candle wet with petroleum. The incandescent wire of course ignites the petroleum and lights the lamps. At the Paris Electrical Exhibition there were also on view gas-lighters on this principle which took the form of a long pole with the platinum wire at one end and a small battery at the other. On pressing the battery key the current flowed by wires inside the pole to the wire and thus lighted the gas to which it was applied.

In the science of meteorology electricity is destined to play a conspicuous part, as the telemeteorograph of Mr. Van Ryssebergh at the Paris Electrical Exhibition demonstrated. This ingenious apparatus recorded at Paris the state of the weather at Brussels every ten minutes, quite automatically, and points to the time when perhaps all the capitals in Europe shall be connected telegraphically to a central observatory by such instruments, and shall there keep recording day and night the elementary facts respecting temperature, barometrical pressure, humidity, wind, and rain, which make up the data of the meteorologist and weather prophet.

The insight into the workings of the atmosphere which a system of this kind will afford cannot but be of service to all members of a community, and especially to mariners and agriculturists. But, as we have seen, the electric light, by permitting harvest operations by night, and the electric plough itself, are other electrical aids which the farmer may count upon. Even the gardener, though he should not need to avail himself of either of these uses, may find the electric light of service in forcing flowers and fruit, as has been done by Dr. C. W. Siemens so successfully. When night is turned into day by the electric light, plants are found to grow continuously, and thus we have an illustration of how extremes meet and the latest product of civilisation is brought to bear upon the primitive occupation of man.

CURIOUS CRAFT OF MANY COUNTRIES.

ALTHOUGH the raft, or flat-bottomed boat, was probably the first means employed for water-carriage, there are many indications on ancient monuments that inflated skins were used for the same purpose. Layard discovered representations of the Assyrians crossing a river—probably the Tigris—on inflated skins, and the practice is still in vogue among the inhabitants of the country watered by that stream, and has also been noticed as common in Cashmeer. *Coracles*—basket-work over which leather or prepared flannel has been stretched—are still to be seen in Wales. Pliny alluded to them when he wrote, “Even now, in British waters, vessels of vine-twigs sewn round with leather are used.” Layard also describes light boats, called *terradas*, as still used on the Tigris, and which are constructed by the southern Mesopotamians of twisted reeds, rendered watertight by bitumen, and often of sufficient consistency to support four or five men.

The first vessels were doubtless simple as those described by Wallace as now in use in the Malay peninsula. He tells us of vessels which do not boast an ounce of iron or a foot of rope in any part, nor a morsel of paint or pitch in their decoration. The planks are fastened together with wooden pegs and rattans; the masts are bamboo triangles requiring no shrouds, and carrying long mat sails; the rudders are hung on by rattans; the anchors are of wood, and the very cables of strong cane.

In early times, as in half the countries of the world to-day, they did not believe in metal ships, and would have asked derisively, “Who ever heard of iron floating?” Just before iron ships came into general use, there was a very general opinion that they were dangerous, although, as Lindsay says, the objectors “might have seen old tin kettles float on every pool of water before their doors almost any day of their lives; nay, floating even more buoyantly than their discarded wooden coal-boxes.” Scott Russell, the great shipbuilder, tells a story in this connection. “A good many years ago,” says he, “I happened to converse with the chief naval architect of one of our dockyards on the subject of building ships of iron. The answer was characteristic, and the feeling it expressed so strong and natural, that I have never forgotten it. He said, with some indignation, ‘Don’t talk to me about iron ships, it’s contrary to nature!’”

For a long time there was a serious prejudice against teak, one of the most valuable ship-building woods, because, as a log, it will not float.

Although the Egyptians were not much given to maritime pursuits, the Ptolemys constructed some enormous vessels. One of them, Philopator Ptolemy, built a great galley 280 cubits long; it is said to have employed 4,000 rowers, bank after bank above each other. Plutarch tells us that she “was a mere matter of curiosity, for she differed very little from an immoveable building, and was calculated more for show, as she could

not be put in motion without great difficulty and danger.” The Egyptian monarchs found a worthy rival in Hiero of Syracuse, who constructed a great ship which made at least one successful sea voyage. Hiero’s vessel is said to have had twenty banks of oars, and, as far as can be judged, was not unlike a modern American river or lake steamer—i.e., an enormous barge with tiers of houses built over it. She was sheathed with lead, had cabin-floors laid with stone mosaic work, carried a temple to Venus constructed of cypress inlaid with ivory, furnished with valuable goblets and vases, and was fitted with both wooden and iron anchors.

The earliest vessel for navigation was, likely enough, a simple log. That form of boat still exists in the *catamaran* of the Indian coasts. A popular high-class journal has given us an account of the first impression of seeing one when approaching an Indian port after a long voyage. A small dark object is descried amongst the distant waves. Now it dips, now rises, now battles with the billows; and now it disappears entirely beneath a huge roller, only, however, to reappear speedily. Soon it becomes obvious that the novel object is a specimen of the natives’ boats of the land ahead. The navigator is kneeling on a small float, or solid piece of wood, shaped something like a canoe, but not hollowed, possessing just sufficient buoyancy to keep the occupant from sinking. “The rapidity with which the vessel is going now becomes apparent, for the strange boatman has shot past, vociferating, ‘Ope, ope, ope!’ with all his might; and, long before the many curious eyes directed towards him have had any chance of gratifying their curiosity, he is seen far away over the stern, making vigorous efforts with his paddle to keep up sufficient way to enable him to grasp the rope which the sailors have thrown to him in compliance with his strangely-sounding request. The interest increases as you watch with straining eyes his chances of gaining what appears to be deliverance from certain peril. Whilst you are thus engaged, another rope has been thrown with a more dexterous hand, and this he has clutched and made fast to his tiny bark. In another instant the dark stranger has ‘shinned’ up the side, *vid* the chains, on to the deck, and ‘Catamaran Jack,’ as the sailors familiarly term him, with his conical cap of basket-work—his only attire, saving scanty drawers of calico—stands confessed, and he forthwith proceeds to untie the string of his cap, from the waxcloth lining of which he produces a letter, wrapped in a small piece of calico. This letter he hands to the captain, and the calico is replaced in his helmet for future service.” These adventurous postmen paddle out in all weathers, and are often washed off their seats; but they are splendid swimmers, and soon regain their frail barks. The greatest danger they encounter is from the sharks, and they have often to do battle with them, while many fall victims to their voracity.

Another craft common to the Indian coasts is

the masoolah boat, which, like the catamaran, will live in seas and pass safely through surfs which would stave in boats built on the European model. They are simply canoes constructed of planks, sewn together with coarse rope, and caulked; they "give" to the force of the turbulent waters from their obvious flexibility.

The canoe, in its simplest form, must have been one of the earliest of craft. To-day a large book might be filled with examples of the many varieties extant. The writer, in his limited experience, has travelled more than sixteen hundred miles, either on sea or river, in skin or cedar canoes. In these days of canoe clubs, volumes have been written showing how much can be done with this apparently frail vessel. The well-known trips of the "Rob Roy" canoes will recur to the reader's recollection. They were almost made to measure the explorer. Mr. MacGregor says that one "ought to fit a man like a coat." In the first, built of oak, with cedar deck and indiarubber covering, the whole only weighing eighty pounds, that gentleman went a thousand miles on the Thames, Sambre, Meuse, Rhine, Danube, Moselle, Marne, and Seine, and made two trips out to sea in the Channel. In a second trip he visited the lakes and coasts of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and ventured out into the North Sea and the Baltic. This was in an even smaller canoe than the first, though somewhat stronger in construction.

The Greenlander, in his frail kayak, voyages hundreds of miles in the Arctic regions, and on the north-western coast of America the natives do the same. Open skin canoes, capable of containing twenty or more persons, with their effects, and hoisting masts and sails, are frequently to be seen among the Tchuktchis of Eastern Siberia and the various tribes of Northern Alaska. They cross Behring Straits, and their voyages prove how easily America might have been peopled from Asia.

The reader has heard of "self-righting" life-boats, which, when upset in the water, should, and generally do, turn right-side up again. The Esquimaux can turn somersaults in the water seated in their kayaks. Captain Hall, among other writers, mentions these feats, and saw them literally spin over and over, only wetting their hands and face. "It requires," says he, "great skill and strength to do it. One miss in the stroke of an oar as they pass from the centre—when their head and body are under the water—to the surface, might terminate fatally." No one will attempt this feat, however, unless a companion is near. Hall also describes feats in which one Esquimaux, seated in his skin kayak, would run over the top of another. "Getting some distance off, he strikes briskly and pushes forward. In an instant he is over, having struck the upturned peak of his own kayak nearly amidships, at right angles of the other. These feats were rewarded by a few plugs of tobacco."

The double canoe, often only joined by a few planks, is common in many parts of the Pacific and elsewhere. An example of one of the larger kind (given in the illustrations), common among the Polynesian group of islands, has a house on


deck, and carries a large sail. Round and about the British Columbian coast two canoes, set a little apart, but parallel to each other, and covered with planks, are commonly used by the Indians for transporting their blankets, household gods, strings of clams and dried fish. A man seated in one of the canoes only can steer both with a paddle. Sometimes a sail is hoisted, and the *ensemble* becomes picturesque. The author of "Rural Life in Bengal" describes a Mofussil ferry-boat, nothing more than "a couple of common dingees, or fishermen's boats, lashed together, with a platform of planks over both, covered with a bed of straw and earth to afford standing-room for horses and cattle when crossing." The Channel steamer, the twin vessel Calais-Douvres, is but an amplified version of these primitive ideas.

Among canoes, those of the New Zealanders—some of whom now own cutters, schooners, and brigs built in European form—take the first rank. They are built of single pine-trees, and the hollowed logs are somewhat lengthened at either end. Sixty or seventy feet is no uncommon length, and they may have as many as fifty or more paddles; some few have been known to carry two hundred persons. When on a voyage the chief stands up, singing, while the crew join in the chorus. They have sails of straw matting. Captain Cook measured one on the shore; she was sixty-eight feet and a half long, five feet broad, and three feet and a half deep, the bottom being sharp, with straight sides like a wedge. A considerable number of thwarts were laid from gunwale to gunwale, to which they were securely lashed on each side as a strengthening to the boat. The ornament at the head projected five or six feet beyond the body, and was about four and a half feet high. The ornament at the stern was fixed as the sternpost of a ship is upon her keel, and was about fourteen feet high, two feet broad, and an inch and a half thick. Both were boards of carved wood. "The carving upon the stern and head ornaments of the inferior boats, which seemed to be intended wholly for fishing, consists of the figure of a man, with a face as ugly as can be conceived, and a monstrous tongue thrust out of the mouth, with white shells stuck in for the eyes. But the canoes of the superior kind—their men-of-war—were magnificently adorned with open-work, and covered with loose fringes of black feathers, which had a most elegant appearance; the gunwale boards were also frequently carved in a grotesque taste, and adorned with tufts of white feathers placed upon a black ground."

Another curiosity of the South Pacific, known also in the Indian seas, is the "flying proa," which can, with a first-rate wind, go eighteen to twenty miles an hour. Among the Ladrões, in particular, they often make trips which can only be justly described as "flying." They are exactly similar at head and stern, but the sides are very different. That which is always intended to be on the windward side is rounded; the lee side is flat. On the windward side a smaller vessel—a hollowed log—is attached by a framework; it is,



SHIPS OF THE WORLD.



in fact, an outrigger, which prevents the main vessel from upsetting. On reversing the course, the triangular sail is simply shifted. No craft in the world can sail closer to the wind. The crew generally consists of about half a dozen natives.

Our contemporary, the "Field," has quite recently given a description of a variety of racing boats now built in the United States, which is very much modelled on the lines of the flying proa, although by a mistake of terms it has been called a catamaran, than which it could not be more unlike. It is a double-hulled sail-boat, which, unlike the proa, can turn round in the water. There is comparatively little pitching or rolling in these vessels; less spray is shipped, and they are easily handled, while they can safely carry an enormous amount of sail for their size. One of the first exploits of these vessels, now becoming familiarly known in New York, is thus described: "In the centennial regatta of the New York Yacht Club, a strange little boat entered the race. It was so diminutive—twenty-four feet long—and so oddly built, that it encountered great laughter and ridicule. Of course, as soon as her stately compeers had fairly filled their sails, this impertinent craft would be left far behind. So it was thought, but ridicule gave way to wonder when in time the little boat was seen to creep ahead of vessels ten times her length. One and another of her competitors were left behind, and the Amaryliss, for such was her name, stood among the foremost. Still nobody was prepared for the result, which provoked universal applause when this tiny affair passed the goal fifteen minutes ahead of every vessel in the fleet, without correction of time allowance." As in the South Sea proas, one hull is much smaller than the other. One great problem to be solved is to make the connecting bars sufficiently strong, for the independent motion of the hulls will ultimately wrench them apart. These qualities are said to be well combined with lightness in some of these so-called catamarans.

May not the gondola, too, be regarded as really a canoe? In Venice, intersected as it is with canals, with few roadways, and these often coming to a termination at the foot of steps leading to a bridge, the gondola is the carriage, omnibus, street-car—what you will, in fact—of the city. The larger examples, carrying six passengers and having two rowers, often have a length of thirty feet. Many have tilts, with windows and curtains, cushions and carpets. A party of Venetians will often hire one simply for the purpose of playing cards or other games. But, however gay the party carried may be, the gondola, with its iron beak or prow, is always black, solemn, and sombre; it

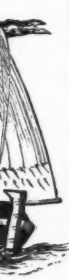

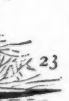
might be a floating hearse in point of appearance. The gondolier stands to row; his oar is light, and there are no rowlocks, but simply fixed pieces of wood against which the oars are pressed.

Among the smaller shipping which crowd this port the *bagozza* is always an important object. It is a fishing and coasting vessel, remarkable for its gorgeously-coloured sails, which are ornamented with every form of device—stars, stripes, halos, birds, and so forth. The *felucca*, also shown among the illustrations, with its striped lateen sails, is common to all the Mediterranean ports. The Arab dhow is rarely seen in the last-named sea, but is well known in the Red Sea and African coast. It is used principally in conveying supplies and goods to and from shipping, but has often been found engaged in the slave-trade. It is undecked, but with spacious house and cabins; as it often reaches a size of eighty or more tons, it is probably the largest open boat in the world. The masts rake forward; the principal mast has a lateen sail, which extends completely fore and aft. Here it is matched by the famous Nile boat, the fore-mast of which carries a tapering yard with bent canvas as long as the boat itself. This lofty and picturesque sail is only used with a very moderate though favouring wind.

Probably no vessel has for so long a period retained its form as the familiar Chinese junk. Lindsay says that there has been no alteration in its build in all probability for two or three thousand years. If there is any difference, it is only in favour of size; they occasionally nowadays reach 1,000 tons. The merchantmen are of all colours; the men-of-war and mandarins' junks are usually painted black, with red railings. Built of very light wood, they rise to a great height out of the water, large examples only drawing eighteen inches of water. They have flat bottoms and no keels. One peculiarity is to be found in their sterns, which are cleft, and partially shelter the rudder. Another is to be found in their brownish matting sails, set on a great yard, parallel to which are bamboo canes at regular intervals. These stiffen it when set, and enable it to be easily reefed, after the manner of a Venetian blind. There are no shrouds, for the sailors can *run up the sails*. The anchors are of "iron-wood," but have occasionally (metallic) iron points. They are ornamented with much grotesque and *bizarre* carving and painting; dragon's heads and monsters abound. They always have glaring eyes at the bows. On the deck of the Chinese junk there is a joss-house, where incense and gilt paper are burnt. When the sailors wish for a breeze they set afloat gilt paper junks, in order to propitiate the goddess of heaven. They also worship the compass.

The Japanese junks are similar in form to those just described. Sir Rutherford Alcock speaks of the quarter-deck or poop of one rising at an abrupt angle of fifty degrees from the main-deck to the stern. How even the sailors could keep their legs was a wonder to him. "One of my servants," says he, "rather notable for his stupidity, found it altogether beyond his capacity, and made a descent off the poop into the lower regions, which broke

SHIPS OF THE WORLD.

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| 1. New Guinea Canoe. | 2. Chinese Custom-house Junk. |
| 3. Sandwich Islands Canoe. | 4. Venetian Bogazza (fishing-boat). |
| 5. Flying Proa of the Ladrões. | 6. Oolák: Baggage-boat of Bengal. |
| 7. Sampán of Singapore. | 8. Prao of Macassar. |
| 9. New Zealand Canoe. | 10. Japanese River Boat. |
| 11. Arabian Dhow. | 12. Felucca. |
| 13. Gondola. | 14. Chinese Junk. |
| 15. Dutch Pink. | 16. African Canoe. |
| 17. Royal Barge of Siam. | 18. Double Canoe of the Fiji Islands. |
| 19. Batavian Cattle-boat. | 20. Catamaran. |
| 21. French Lugger. | 22. Norwegian Fishing-boat. |
| 23. Greenland Kayak. | |

his ribs, and deprived me of his valuable services for the rest of the journey. The man took such a dislike to a ship in any shape after this, that he would fain have been carried twenty days overland (at my expense) rather than embark again on H.M.S. Ringdove for a two-days' voyage. The Japanese landsman, although of a sea-going race, has the greatest possible horror of the water, and never willingly trusts himself on the fickle element. When the ambassadors were chosen for England, their first and most anxious inquiry was for a remedy against sea-sickness."

The Japanese boat in the illustration is flat-bottomed, and intended for the shallow rivers of that country, which are nearly all sand-choked. So also is the cattle-boat of Batavia, whose progenitor—in, however, the form of a double boat—is to be found exactly pictured on the walls of ancient Thebes.

In the years 1832-3 two remarkable and unintentional ocean voyages—one of them terminating in shipwreck—were made from Japan to the north-west coast of America, and to the Sandwich Islands, by junks. The last-named is known to have been ten or eleven months at sea, and had nine Japanese on board, all of whom arrived safely, anchoring their vessel in the harbour of Waialea. The Sandwich Islanders, when they saw these strangers, resembling themselves in so many respects, said, "It is plain now we come from Asia." The other junk was wrecked at the entrance of the Straits of Fuca, and all but two of the unfortunate Orientals were murdered by the Indians. The two survivors were rescued by the Hudson's Bay Company, forwarded to England, and subsequently to their own country.

The size of a vessel has evidently little to do with her safety at sea. In July, 1878, one of the smallest craft that has yet crossed the Atlantic arrived off the Lizard, having made the voyage from Boston in forty-five days. The *Nautilus*, as she is named, is a decked boat, only fifteen feet in length from stem to stern, and she was navigated by two young men, neither of whom had been to sea before, excepting only on a few coasting trips. Her ballast on starting, we are told, consisted of fresh water in casks, which, as they were emptied, were refilled with salt water from the ocean. Her deck had in it a small hatchway with a tightly-fitting hatch, and the little vessel much resembled a small lifeboat. The brothers kept watch alternately. A full account of this "daring voyage across the Atlantic" has been recently published (Griffith and Farran).

But to return to our curiosities among sailing craft. All Indian boats on the rivers have round or flat bottoms without keels, and in consequence are very liable, if caught in a squall or carelessly navigated, to be upset. One author records an occasion when thirteen Europeans and eighty natives lost their lives in this way. The sails of most Indian vessels are made of gunny, the material employed for the rough bags in which sugar, rice, and other products are packed for Europe. The bulky *oolák*, or baggage-boat of Bengal, shown in the illustration, which may run up to thirty or forty tons, is a clinker-built vessel—

that is, having the planks overlapping each other, like those in a London wherry; whereas in most of the country boats used in Bengal they are laid edge to edge, and fastened with iron clamps, having the appearance of being stitched. Another cumbrous boat, used to convey rice, wheat, grain, silk and cotton, and manned by ten or twelve boatmen, is the *putlee*. When there is no wind, each man, we are told, is seen "standing upon the bamboo platform, or roof, and labouring at an enormous bamboo oar full eighteen feet in length, with a broad round blade at its extremity, like a baker's peel, with which it is impossible for more than one stroke to be made in about two minutes! It really distresses you to see the amount of labour thrown away upon that one dip of the oar."

Turning from these examples of clumsiness to "a thing of (more or less) beauty," we come lastly to the royal barge of Siam, one example among many which might be offered of Oriental luxury in regard to boats. When Sir John Bowring visited Siam, eight state and six accompanying boats came to accompany his embassy to Bangkok. "Mine," says he, "was magnificent; it had the gilded and emblazoned image of an idol at its prow, with two flags like vanes grandly ornamented. Near the stern was a raised carpeted divan with scarlet and gold curtains. The boat was also richly gilded, and had a sail like a fish. Many of the boats were painted to resemble fishes, with eyes in the stern, and had long tails." The captain stood at the head, but the boat was steered by two men with oars, who shouted and sung out continually to incite the rowers. One of the songs had for its burden, "Row, row, I smell the rice," meaning the meal at the end of the journey. The boats had from twenty to forty rowers each, clad in scarlet faced with green and white, and Sir John estimated that there must have been five hundred so engaged.

Damietta.—Damietta is a large town, containing some thirty thousand inhabitants, situated between a branch of the Nile and the vast lagoon or marsh called Lake Menzaleh. It was once the rival in commerce and wealth of Alexandria, and considered even the more important place by the Crusaders, who repeatedly besieged it. But the Damietta of Saladin's brother, and of Frederick II, stood off the seashore; the modern city was built five miles inland to escape attack from sea; and if Abd-el-Al had really refused surrender, only our torpedo launches and smaller gunboats could have got at him, as the larger fortress is five miles from the Nile mouth. Lake Menzaleh is a huge sheet of water, covering 500,000 acres, and dotted with innumerable sandy inlets, is very shallow, and the haunt of countless wild fowl. Geese, pelicans, swans, ducks, coots, flamingoes, spoonbills, herons, and a hundred other species, make their home upon its shores, filling the air with their outcry. The flamingo is called by the Arabs the *gemel-el-bahr*, or "water-camel," probably on account of its long legs and neck. Very extensive fisheries are carried on upon these waters, employing thousands of people, and bringing to the Egyptian Government a considerable revenue. Damietta, by way of its own mouth of the Nile, carries on a little export trade to Greece and Syria, and sends rice and fish into the Delta. It used to be famous commercially for a very superior sort of leather, dyed in bright colours, and for striped cotton cloth. The ancient name of Damietta was Tamiathis, and the modern town is full of antique columns and blocks.

SCARLET FEVER.

SOME FACTS AND HINTS ABOUT THIS HOME-SCOURGE.

INFECTIONOUS diseases we have always with us, and worst among them is scarlatina. At the present moment, in London and elsewhere, it is the chief epidemic. In itself it is by far the most subtle in its mode of diffusion and terrible in its mode of attack of all the fevers to which in our times in England we are subject.

Speaking of scarlatina, Sir Thomas Watson has well characterised it as "the most capricious and by far the most plague-like" of all the disorders to which children are exposed.

On a reference to the returns of the Registrar-General we find that the deaths from scarlatina from the beginning of the year 1882 until the end of June were 6,260. Following its usual course of increasing prevalence during the autumn months, and with the too certain knowledge and experience of former epidemics, the mortality of the remaining half of this year will more than double these numbers.

The precise influence of weather in relation to infectious disorders is still unknown, but I am, in common with others, inclined to look upon the seasonal prevalence of such diseases as being less due to meteorological conditions than to causes much more intimately connected with the habits and movements of the population. This view is the more satisfactory, since the true exciting causes of disease, if dependent upon material agencies, are thus placed within our reach and control, while the atmospheric changes, which exert merely a predisposing influence, become helpless for evil as soon as those agencies are removed. Heat and moisture are the influences which bring about the development of contagion, and give wings to it—in winter amidst the overcrowding and vitiated air of the haunts of poverty, and in summer from the accumulations of decomposing organic matter which surround them. An impressive example of such influences is afforded by the death-rate from diarrhoea, which follows with close conformity the wave of summer temperature, reaching its maximum when the highest summer-heat is attained, and thenceforward following the same downward curve.

Before proceeding further I shall take the opportunity to explain a word which I have used several times, and which is nowadays generally applied to infectious diseases. The terms *infectious* and *contagious* simply state a fact which has been established by long observation of the communicability from person to person of certain diseases; but *zymotic* implies a theory of their nature, for being derived from the Greek word *ζῦμα*, signifying a *ferment*, it refers to the doctrine which attributes these maladies to the entrance of a specific and living poison into the blood, where it grows and multiplies in a manner resembling the growth and development of the yeast plant.

Zymotic or infectious diseases may be divided into great classes, according to the intimacy of their relationship to local insanitary conditions. One class includes such diseases as typhoid fever, typhus fever, diphtheria, and autumnal diarrhoea, all of which present the most fruitful field for the achievements of sanitary science, as they depend upon certain removeable faulty arrangements, which even the occurrence of a solitary case of one of their kind may assist to discover, and by the removal of which the evil is capable of being stamped out at once and for ever. The most prominent of these defective arrangements are—water-supply polluted by organic matter; absence of any system of sewerage, or inefficient ventilation and trapping of existing systems; surface accumulations of refuse about dwellings and overcrowding within.

But in the second class, to which scarlet fever and measles both belong, there is absent this distinguishing feature of an ascendant local influence, the same strong evidence of spontaneity of origin is wanting, and the same necessity for the prompt removal of unwholesome conditions exists only so far as it may be a safeguard against certain channels by which infection of any kind is apt to be conveyed, without affecting the production of the diseases themselves. It will be easily understood, from these considerations, that diseases of this class present almost overwhelming obstacles to the progress of preventive efforts, but the effort should be all the more energetic that the difficulties are so great; and at the present time—with scarlet fever fatally epidemic in London, and more or less prevalent throughout the country, determining the high death-rate of some of the chief towns (such as Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne)—the consideration of means for their limitation becomes a matter, not of local, but of universal moment.

Short of the actual removal of the cause of an infectious disease, the next best thing is to prevent its propagation beyond the place or *locus* of first appearance.

Now, there is a feature common to all infectious maladies in the existence of a period of *incubation*—that is to say, a period of apparent health in the individual, and of quiescence of the disease, elapsing from the date of exposure to infection to the actual appearance of sickness; and this period of incubation varies in length of time in different contagious fevers, from a few hours to several weeks. It is a knowledge of this phenomenon of incubation which is the basis of *quarantine*—a term derived from the Italian *quarantina* (forty)—and retained since the olden time when plague was the dreaded scourge of European countries, when ships coming from infected ports were obliged to perform quarantine—*far la quarantina*—for forty days before they were permitted to enter

harbour. The object of quarantine is to prevent the introduction of an infectious disease through the agency of travellers coming from places where such diseases are known to rage, and in whose system the infection may be dormant; but, to be effective, the period of quarantine must embrace the maximum duration of this incubation, or latent stage, for the disease in question.

The danger of infection is proportionate to the extent of this stage, and there is also this important difference between some of the diseases of this class, that, while several are most communicable after recovery from the fever and during convalescence—as in scarlet fever, which has but a short period of incubation—others, as in measles, with a long period of incubation, are most contagious towards the termination of this stage before any specific characters denoting the malady have appeared; and the patient meanwhile, not being ill enough to take to his bed, and little likely to be under medical control, is maintaining unrestricted intercourse with the healthy.

Fortunately, there is a wide difference in the virulence of the two diseases named. Scarlet fever is essentially a dangerous malady from the capricious manner in which, in the same outbreak, and even in members of the same family, it ranges through a variety of types—from the slightest *febricula* and *cynanche*, or throat affection, to the most malignant form of the latter, scarcely distinguishable from diphtheria, for which, indeed, it is sometimes mistaken. But measles is a comparatively mild disorder, and the fatality attributable to it is not so much the result of the primary disease as of bronchitis and other inflammatory affections, attacking the system at a time of increased susceptibility.

Generally speaking, then, in measles the social advantages of the patient are of the first importance in determining the result, while in scarlet fever the degree of virulence manifested decides the case, and social surroundings have very little to do with it.

From what I have already said respecting the uncertain causation of those disorders, their prevention by measures which will effectually arrest them on their first appearance must be based upon the incontestible principle that the solitary case is the *unit of infection* from which the epidemic springs, however great the ultimate magnitude of its numbers. There can be no greater mistake made than to treat as insignificant the first instance of contagious disease, from the belief that the contagion will die out. Contagion may sleep, but it never dies, unless at the hands of science; and the history of every pestilence to which this country has been subjected is a terrible warning of the falsity of such a doctrine. To simple neglect of this principle the successive epidemics of cholera have owed their occurrence, and by its recognition this country has escaped another invasion during the past year, when many parts of Southern Europe suffered severely from its ravages. The measures which must be employed to this end are *isolation* and *disinfection*, and the success will be in proportion to the pains bestowed in carrying out their most minute details.

In the first place, the person appointed to nurse the patient should be restricted to that duty alone, and have as little intercourse as possible with the rest of the household, who should be prohibited from entering the sick room. At the very outset of the illness (and these remarks apply to all infectious diseases), all unnecessary articles of furniture, such as carpets or curtains, should be taken away, as they merely tend to retain the poison, and are exceedingly difficult of disinfection afterwards. Throughout the illness—especially in cases of typhoid fever and cholera, where the infection is contained in the bowel discharges—disinfectants, such as carbolic-acid powder and chloride of lime, should be constantly kept in the utensil, a tablespoonful of either disinfectant being used at a time. Before removal from the bedroom, the soiled linen and clothing should be plunged into boiling water, to which carbolic acid has been added in the proportion of two wine-glassfuls to every gallon of water; and the remains of food, rags used to wipe the nose and mouth, and other things of little value used by the patient, should be got rid of at once by burning.

When the febrile stage is past, the dangers from dissemination of the contagion are increased by the peeling of the cuticle, which takes place in measles and scarlet fever, and the scabs which form in the case of small-pox, every particle of which may be a carrier of infection. The time over which the peeling or desquamation extends is exceedingly variable, sometimes lasting for two months, but the process may be accelerated, and the possibility of the exuviae flying about lessened, by the daily application to the body of camphorated or carbolated oil.

And, finally, when the patient is pronounced free from the risk of carrying the disease about with him, and allowed to re-enter society, the cleansing and disinfection of the vacated sick room in which the contagion is still harboured must be accomplished. First in order is the fumigation of the chamber by sulphur, and its subsequent ventilation; and, second, the thorough scrubbing of the floor and woodwork with soft-soap and hot water, and the whitewashing of the ceilings and walls.

Method of fumigation. One and a half ounces of brimstone should be used for every hundred cubic feet of space; for example, a room eight feet high by twelve feet in length and ten feet in breadth, would contain (8 by 12 by 10) 960 cubic feet, and would require about nine and a half times one and a half ounces, or nearly fourteen ounces of sulphur. The bedding must be spread out, and, the chimney and windows being closed, the sulphur should then be thrown upon a shovelful of red-hot cinders, set upon something, such as a pair of tongs, over a wide tub containing water, so that in the event of any mishap the burning mass might be received below. The door is to be kept shut, and crevices stuffed up, to prevent escape of fumes. Six or eight hours later the room may be entered, the windows flung open, and, if possible, a fire lighted, so as to establish a free draught of fresh air through the room for the rest of the day; and the next day the cleansing,

already described, should be done. Fumigation may also be done by substituting carbolic acid for sulphur, volatilising it in the same way, using about a quarter of an ounce to every hundred cubic feet of space. But when carbolic acid is thus employed in the liquid form, great care must be taken, as fatal results have again and again occurred from its being carelessly mistaken and swallowed for drink or medicine.

During sickness from scarlet fever and other zymotic diseases of its class to which the above rules equally apply, the other children should certainly be kept from school and places of general resort. I have known at least two instances where outbreaks of scarlet fever were distinctly traceable to the attendance at school of a child in whose family it had made its appearance; and there is no doubt that laxity in this respect is the most common mode of distribution of such diseases as scarlatina, measles, and whooping-cough, which have come to be looked upon by parents as the inevitable ailments of childhood,

although there is no better evidence why they should be so, barring those facilities for infection, than might equally be adduced for small-pox, typhus, or Asiatic cholera.

The precautions to be attended to in the sick room and beyond it may be recapitulated:—

1. Complete isolation of the patient during illness and convalescence.
2. Limitation of the duties of the nurse to sole attendance upon the sick.
3. Prohibition of access of the rest of the family to the sick room.
4. Withdrawal of the other children from school.
5. Vigilance in the management of the sick room, and in the treatment of the patient during convalescence.
6. Disinfection and final cleansing of the sick room; clothing can be only disinfected by exposure to great heat, and if this is not available, they should be destroyed.

DAVID PAGE, M.D

THE HISTORICAL MSS. COMMISSION.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH.

TURNING to the collections of MSS. in Scotland, we have reports on the extensive and important muniments of the Dukes of Argyll, Hamilton, Sutherland, Montrose, the Earl of Moray, and other noblemen and gentlemen. The Commissioners were fortunate in obtaining, as "Inspectors" for Scotland, the learned archaeologist, Dr. John Stuart, well known as the author of the "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," and Mr. William Fraser, of Edinburgh, perhaps the highest living authority on the history of the great Scottish families. The collection of the Duke of Argyll includes a large number of charters, the earliest of which dates back as far as February 10th, 1315. A charter granted to the fourth earl in 1546, by Queen Mary, bears the contemporary indorsement, "To Archibald Roy," or the Red, indicating the colour of his hair. The son of Archibald Roy was in great favour with Queen Mary, who visited him at his Castle of Inverary; and in her letters to him the queen subscribed herself his "right good sister" and "best friend for ever." In some of the royal commissions granted to the Earls of Argyll, we have illustrations of the distracted state of the Highlands and islands of Scotland, and the difficulty of preserving order in those remote parts over which the Government had no adequate control. The wild clans are described as "void of the fear and knowledge of God," delighting in nothing but murder and a "savage form of living," "avowed enemies to all lawful traffic," "an infamous *byke* of lawless *limmers*" (i.e., wasps' nest of lawless vagabonds). Amongst the royal letters, those of Queen Mary possess much interest; several of the postscripts are holograph, and show the imperfect acquaintance she had with the language of her own king-

dom. We must notice the farewell letter written by Archibald, Marquis of Argyll, to his son, Lord Neill Campbell, the day before his execution, and the original letters produced at the trial of the marquis by General Monck, which were mainly instrumental in procuring his condemnation. The letter from the marquis to Campbell of Inverawe, containing instructions for the destruction of Lord Ogilvie's house of Forthar, is printed in this report. The incident has been commemorated in the ballad of "The Bonnie House o' Airlie."

In the muniments of the Duke of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle, Dr. Stuart made an important discovery, viz., the letters of dispensation for the marriage of the Earl of Bothwell to Lady Jean Gordon. The disappearance of this document had given rise to various speculations on the part of Scottish historians down to our own days. It would seem that Lady Jean Gordon, who probably possessed the document throughout, had carried it along with her to Dunrobin, on her marriage to the Earl of Sutherland in 1573, and that she declined to produce it in the suit against her, although its production would have made it impossible for Bothwell to have procured the wished for decret of nullity.

Among the MSS. of Viscount of Arbuthnott, there is a letter written by the famous divine Samuel Rutherford to the second Viscount of Arbuthnott, who seems to have sought, without success, to be placed on the local "table," or ecclesiastical committee of his district:—

My Lord, If there had bene [any] place at our table vaccing, I should think I were vndiscret to refuse your Lordship or the sone of so truly a noble father. Ther is not any but one and that place was by promise ingadged with too others which shal vace, a year agoe to some others; if your

lordship be pleased to ask D. Colveill he nor I know not of any vaccing. I would not have failed to answere the gentleman whoe wrote for his sone with your lordship were it not the bearer's opportunity on Setterday scaped me. I shall desyr your Lordship humbli to accept of the reality of all possible satisfaction in that kynd or of any obsequious respects of one whoe am, my noble Lord, your Lordships at all due observance in God. S. Andrews, 17 July 1658. Signed, Samuel Rutherford.

In the collection of Mr. A. C. Stuart, of Eaglescarnie, we find the following passage in a humorous letter of Allan Ramsay, the poet, to Lord Provost Lindsay, of Edinburgh, under date 5th April, 1735:—

Two days ago I payd my respects to your lady and family, and had the pleasure to see them all hearty and well. Miss Peggy Stuart, Sir James's sister, was married the other day to Mr. Calderwood of Polton. My son had made one excellent half-length picture of her, and I begin to think it not a bad politick for young beautys to be seen and known in my son's painting room, where so many of the *beau-monde* so frequently resort. I am daily teaz'd with advices about sending the young man abroad. I am perswaded, my Lord, they are in the right (*vox pop.*) and it would certainly turn out more to their advantage as well as his, if that genius which he has received from the bounty of nature were enriched with what he might acquire by an acquaintance with the works of Titian, Rafael, Corregio, & other imortall artists. But how is this to be done? I know one way. My Lord Ilay does not disregard me (dinna laugh). I had his Lordship in my closet the day before he left this place, near two hours, making bas-reliefs. He was much pleas'd with my art, lug'd out some curious antique gems which I took molds of, and promised to bring me a boxfull the next time he comes down. My dear and valuable patron, the Advocate, has honoured me often with his approbation and beneficence, and you yourself have, in frequent instances, shewn your friendship, not to name many more leading persons by whom I have been favoured for what I have done, when I took the air on Parnassus. Now, if my Lord Ilay, Coloden, and the Provost of Edinburgh had a mind, they could say to my son—YOUNG MAN, forasmuch as it has been reported to His most gracious Majesty George the Second, whom God long preserve, that you have a promising genius for painting, and since your father, who never lifted his pen against his sovereign or thrown aspersions on those, whom he delights to honour, like many of the scoundrell scribblers, but has behaved himself like a prudent and loyal subject, yet has it not in his power to perfit your education as it ought, thus sayeth His Majesty, OUR WILL is, and we order and give to Allan Ramsay, painter, the sum of 100 guineas per annum, for five years, to carry him abroad for his improvement in painting, and, in return, he is to give us as a mark of his gratitude, one of his best performances from the Tuscan Galery or the Vatican, and serve us in his way when commanded.

The papers of the Earl of Moray at Donibristle are of unusual interest and importance. In Dr. Stuart's able and elaborate report on this collection, we may notice the series of letters by Mary Queen of Scots to the Commendator of St. Colmes Inch, and to the Countess of Murray (widow of the regent), with a series of the queen's cyphers, two of which are given in facsimile. There is also a remarkable letter from Queen Elizabeth to the regent Mar, describing the change of policy to which she had been led through the discovery of the "pernitious practises" of the Scottish queen. In a letter to the Earl Murray, dated from Dalkeith, March, 1586-7, James I writes of "the strait quhairin thir recent newis of the quene oure moderis maist dolorous and cruell death hes cassin ws, baith in honnour and estate, being the gritast that befell cuir sen our natiuitie, and quhairin we

haue gritast neid of the assistance and aduise of our nobilitie and esteatis, to tak sic resolutioun as may be to the preseratioun of God's treu religioun, oure honnour, and the quietnes of oure estate." The report on the MSS. of the Duke of Montrose, like that on the Duke of Argyll's collection, is by "the luminous and voluminous Fraser," as he was styled by the late Sir W. Stirling Maxwell. The papers relating to the first Marquis of Montrose include the correspondence of Charles I, Charles II, Henrietta Maria, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, James Duke of York, Prince Rupert, William Prince of Orange, and others, with that devoted royalist. The letters of Charles I are nearly all holograph; they were written during the progress of the Civil War. The vivacious Queen of Bohemia writes to the marquis, that Lord Jermyn is coming, according to some, to take order about the jewels, but according to others, to meet with the Duke of Hamilton, Lauderdale, etc., to have new commissions sent to the king from godlie brethren "to cross wicked Jamie Graham's proceedings." In another letter she says that she has nothing to do but to walk and shoot, and that she has become a good archer, and can shoot with Lord Kinnoul, and begs the marquis to come and help them to shoot. We have in the Montrose Collection a description of the official correspondence of the first Duke of Montrose, who held the office of Principal Secretary of State for Scotland. For his services in support of the Union, his Grace received a holograph letter of thanks from Queen Anne, which is here quoted. Accounts of the Battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715; notices of proceedings of Rob Roy, amongst which is a full account of Rob's conduct in kidnapping the duke's chamberlain and robbing him of the rents which he had received from the tenants; a letter written by James VI in his ninth year to Captain Thomas Crawford, who had captured for the king the castle of Dumbarton; and other interesting letters by that monarch, are to be found among this splendid collection. One division of it, the Menteith Papers, comprises several unpublished letters of Charles I and Charles II to the Earl of Strathern and Menteith; and also some characteristic productions, not before published, of John Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount Dundee. In one of these letters to the Earl of Menteith, written about 1679, Claverhouse strongly urges the nomination of himself as the earl's successor, a proposal, however, declined by the earl. Here are one or two specimens from the letters of this Cavalier hero:—

"It can doe you no prejudice if you com to have any childring of your owen body, and will be much for your quyet and comfort if yoe have non; for whoever you mak choyse of will be in place of a sonne. . . . the tays of gratitud and friendship ar stronger in generous myndes than those of natur." He speaks of his toiling for honour, though it had been his "misfortun to atteen but a small shear," and of the "francness and easiness" he lives in with all his friends.

In another letter to the earl, Claverhouse says, "When my affairs go wrong, I remember that saying of Loucan, 'Tam mala Pompeii quam

prospera mundus adoret,' and therefor provyd me treues, as you promised, and a good bleu bonet, and I will assure you there shall be no treuse trustier than myn."

Among the papers of Mr. John Webster, advocate in Aberdeen, is the following curious epistle from Lady Arabella Stewart to the Countess of Shrewsbury, whom she calls Good Lady Grandmother: "I have sent your ladyship the endes of my heare, which were cut the sixt day of the moone on Saturday last, and with them a pott of gelly which my servante made." Signed "Arbella Stewart," and dated 8th February, 1587. Most interesting are the letters of Burke and Boswell in the collection of Mr. Charles Dalrymple, at New Hailes. Writing to Lord Hailes in December, 1791, Burke says: "By the way, I never think of you Scotch gentlemen of the robe without being a little ashamed for England. Our Barr does not abound in general erudition, and I am every day more and more convinced that they are not the better professional men for not being more extensively learned." Boswell's letters are full of his great idol. In one he writes: "On Wednesday evening Mr. Johnson and I had another *lôte-à-lôte* at the Mitre. Would you believe that we sat from half an hour after eight till between two and three! He took me cordially by the hand, and said, 'My dear Boswell! I love you very much.' Can I help being somewhat vain?" In another letter to Lord Hailes, Boswell, speaking of Johnson, writes: "He was much pleased with your account of the *Scavans* of Berlin. He said the King of Prussia writes just as you would suppose Voltaire's footboy would do who has copied out his master's works. He shows such a degree of parts as you would expect from the valet, and about as much of the colouring of his style as might be attained by a transcriber."

The work of examining and reporting on the various collections of mss. in Ireland has been ably performed for the Commission by Mr. J. T. Gilbert, whose knowledge of Irish history and antiquities is at once extensive and profound. He has given accounts of the mss. of the Marquis of Ormonde, the Earl of Granard, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Emly, the O'Connor Don; also of those of Trinity College, Dublin, and of the Corporations of Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, and Kilkenny, etc. The correspondence and papers of Edmund Sexton Pery, Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, extend from 1757 to 1779. These are preserved in Lord Emly's collection, as is also a curious and hitherto unknown historical narrative written by Pery for the information of the Duke of Bedford, embodying personal and private details, not elsewhere on record, in connection with the chief conductors of the Government in Ireland for some years antecedent to 1757. The following portion of a letter to Pery from Lord Townshend describes the scene in the House of Lords, when Lord Chatham was struck with "a deadly convulsion":—

Dear Sir

April 7th 1778.

I am this moment returned here from the House of Peers, and found your letter on my table, and in return inclose you what I have picked up from a member of the other House, on

my return from our own, where Lord Chatham has been at the point of death just as he was preparing to rise, as it seemed to me, who was opposite, to reply a second time to the Duke of Richmond.

Lord Chatham came into the House very feeble, seemingly to me, who met him as he came in, and spoke to him. His first speech was very short and spoke in great pain, and he appeared to me to sink under the oppression of his disorder. However, there was much animation and decision. He lamented the critical and wretched situation of the British Empire; but he reprobated and disdained the indecision of the ministers, and the degrading and degenerate language of the Houses of Parliament, and of the motion, hoping that every man who retained a spark of British spirit would oppose the disinheritation of the House of Brunswick (and then went to the descendants of the Princess Sophia—to the King's sons, brothers, etc.) of their territories.

This, after some pause, he particularized by a dismemberment of one-third of their dominions, viz.—America—and reprobated the idea of offering independence. His voice sank afterwards.

The Duke of Richmond replied, and, as some think, he made some allusions to the good state [in which] he found the Treasury, in Mr. Pelham's time, which enabled him to obtain the great advantages this country experienced under his administration.

In the course of the Duke of Richmond's reply, I observed him [Lord Chatham] particularly animated upon other points, and he appeared to me preparing to rise, when a deadly convulsion struck him. Many crowded round him. I ran for water, which I procured immediately. The House adjourned, which was very full, to give him air, and, indeed, very properly, out of respect to him and themselves, and adjourned to to-morrow. In about a quarter of an hour, he was carried out with little expectation of life. His physician was soon found, and in about an hour he began to know people, and was at 8 o'clock much better. It was a melancholy scene, with all his sons and friends around him at the instant.

The Ormonde Archives, at Kilkenny Castle, are rich in unique documents from the twelfth century, and in ms. books, State papers, correspondence, and miscellanea, to the early part of the eighteenth century. Among other matters specially illustrated, the following may be mentioned: the personal intercourse of Charles II and James II with the Duke of Ormonde and his eldest son the distinguished Earl of Ossory, whose early death, in 1680, was deplored as a public calamity in England, Ireland, and Holland; the relations of Charles II with his confidential advisers; the Government of Ireland; the political movements of Romanists, Presbyterians, Republicans, and fanatics; the condition of the native Irish; the acts of the organised bands of outlaws in Ireland, styled "Tories," and the measures of Ormonde to cut off their leader, Count Redmond O'Hanlon; the latter days and death of the first Duke of Ormonde; the second duke's administration of the Government of Ireland; the various offices he held under William III, Mary, and Anne; to say nothing of the relations of the house of Ormonde with such men of note in the learned and literary world as Tillotson, Evelyn, Dryden, Prior, Steele, and Swift. From these archives has been prepared a calendar of an unique collection of petitions, addressed by persons of all classes and on a great variety of subjects, to the Duke of Ormonde, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland during the years immediately succeeding the Restoration. This calendar is printed in the eighth report of the Commission. The documents noticed in it afford valuable and abundant material for illustrat-

ing the social condition of Ireland at that period, and also for biographical and historical purposes. Mr. Gilbert rightly thinks that a proper calendar of the whole of the muniments at Kilkenny Castle would be a truly national work of rare interest and value in connection with the history of Great Britain and Ireland.

E. G. A.

AN OLD GHOST TALE.

THE language of the following ghost story is old and quaint; moreover, it is drawn up in legal phraseology. We have not thought well to alter these characteristics, but present the tale to the reader exactly as we find it; merely omitting details which are tedious to read.

THE NARRATIVE OF THOMAS GODDARD OF MARLBOROUGH IN THE COUNTY OF WILTS, WEAVER, MADE THE 23RD NOV., 1674.

Who saith that on Monday the ninth of this instant as he was going to Ogborn, at a stile in the highway near Mr. Goddard's ground about nine in the morning, he met the apparition of his father-in-law, one Edward Avon of this town, Glover, who died in May last, having on to his appearance, the same cloaths, Hat, stockings and shoes he did usually wear when he was living, standing by, and leaning over that stile. Which, when he came near, the Apparition spake to him with an audible voice these words—*Are you afraid?*

To which he answered, I am thinking on one who is dead and buried, whom you are the like. To which the apparition replied with the like voice, I am he that you were thinking on. I am Edward Avon your father in law, come near to me. I will do you no harm. Goddard answered, I trust in Him who hath bought my soul with his precious blood, you shall do me no harm.

Then the apparition said—How stand cases at home? Goddard asked what cases? Then it asked him how do William & Mary—meaning as he conceived his son William Avon, a shoemaker here, and Mary his daughter, the said Goddards wife. Then it said What! Taylor is dead—meaning, as he thought, one Taylor of London who married his daughter Sarah, which Taylor dyed about Michaelmas last. Then the apparition held out its hand, and in it, as Goddard reckoned, twenty or thirty shillings in silver, and then spake with a loud voice:—Take this money and send it to Sarah; for I shut up my bowels of compassion towards her in the time of my life, and now here is somewhat for her. And then said Mary (meaning his the said Goddards wife, as he conceived) is troubled for me; but tell her God hath shewed mercy to me—contrary to my deserts. But the said Goddard answered—I refuse all such money. Then the apparition said—I perceive you are afraid, I will meet you some other time. And immediately, it went up the lane, to his appearance. So he went over the same stile as any man would go, but saw it no more that day.

He saith—The next night, about seven of the clock, it came opened his shop window, and stood in the like cloaths, looked him in the face, but said nothing to him. And the next night after, as Goddard went forth with a candle light in his hand, it appeared to him again, in the same shape but he, being in fear, ran into his house, and saw it no more then.

But he saith—That on Thursday the 12th inst., as he came from Clifton, riding down the hill between the Manor house and Axford farm field, he saw something like a hare crossing his way at which his horse frightened, threw him in the dust; as soon as he could recover on his feet the same apparition met him there again in the same habit, and there, standing about 8 foot directly before him in the way, spake to him with a loud voice. Bid William Avon give his sister Sarah twenty shillings of the money which he had of me. And do you talk with Edward Lawrence, for I borrowed twenty shillings of him several years ago and did say I had paid him, but I did not pay it him; and I would desire you to pay him 20 shillings out of the money which you had from James Elliot at two payments. Which money, the said Goddard now saith was five pounds, which James Elliot a baker here owed the said Avon on bond, and which he the said Goddard had received from the said Elliot since Michaelmas.

This deposition, with more in the same strain, was made "In the presence of Christ" Lypatt Mayor, Rolf Bayly Town Clerk, Joshua Sacheverel Rector of St. Peter's in Marlborough."

The ghost, if not Edward Lawrence himself, was an accomplice, who thus squeezed the money out of poor frightened Thomas Goddard. It is an amusing example of the combined credulity and roguery which form the staple of most of such tales. In our own day, curious ghost stories have had currency, even in London. At first there is curiosity from the supposed mystery, but the publicans and others who profit by the assembling of crowds, keep up the farce, just as the traders and the clergy draw great gains from the pilgrimages to shrines, where alleged miracles and apparitions were the first attraction.

Varieties.

Contempt of Court.—There is a very general feeling that the power of judges, in regard to what is called "contempt of Court," is anomalous, and liable to abuse. Of the exercise of this power by Mr. Justice Lawson in the case of the High Sheriff of the City of Dublin we offer no opinion, but the general principle of allowing a judge to fine and imprison at his own discretion is contrary to the spirit of English law. The petition of the Lord Mayor, magistrates, and councillors of the Dublin corporation, expresses clearly what is felt by many in England as well as in Ireland. The petition says "that judges now claim and exercise unlimited power to commit persons to prison for any period they may think fit, and hold them to bail in any way they may think fit, for an undefined offence called 'contempt of Court,' and this power may be exercised without allowing time to prepare a legal defence, and against their decision there is no appeal or other legal remedy; that such powers are not conferred by any

law of Parliament, but are exercised in virtue of what is known as 'precedent'; that they are not powers which are claimed even by the Sovereign herself; that they are capable of abuse and incompatible with the constitutional rights of every British subject, and are not such as can safely be entrusted without limitation or right of appeal to any individual, however eminent and impartial. Your petitioners therefore pray that the powers of judges to punish for contempt of Court may be defined and limited by statute so as to secure for every British subject a distinct definition of every legal charge against him, reasonable opportunity of defence, a full, deliberate, and impartial trial, and fair opportunity of appeal, while, at the same time, providing all necessary guarantee against improper interference with the regular and uninterrupted procedure of the law courts, and for the maintenance of the respect due to the administration of justice."

Sir Garnet Wolseley's General Order after Occupying Cairo.—The General Commanding-in-Chief congratulates the army upon the brilliant success which has crowned its efforts in the campaign terminated on the 14th inst. by the surrender of the citadel of Cairo and of Arabi Pasha, the chief rebel against the authority of his Highness the Khedive. In twenty-five days the army has effected a disembarkation at Ismailia; has traversed the desert to Zagazig; has occupied the capital of Egypt; and has fortunately defeated the enemy four times—on August 24th at Magfar, on the 25th at Tel-el-Mahout, on September 9th at Kassassin, and finally on September 13th at Tel-el-Kebir, where, after an arduous night march, it inflicted upon him an overwhelming defeat, storming a strongly-entrenched position at the point of the bayonet, and capturing all his guns, about sixty in number. In recapitulating the events which have marked this short and decisive campaign, the General Commanding-in-Chief feels proud to place upon record the fact that these brilliant achievements are to be attributed to the high military courage and noble devotion to duty which have animated all ranks under his command. Called upon to show discipline under exceptional privations, to give proof of fortitude in extreme toil, and to show contempt of danger in battle, general officers, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the army have responded with zeal and alacrity, adding another chapter to the long roll of British victories.

A Circassian Patriarch.—The following announcement is worth the investigation of Mr. Thom: "The Circassian chieftain Hod Bey, who recently arrived in Stamboul for the purpose of paying homage in person to his liege lord and hereditary commander, the Padishah, was born in 1762, and entered the Turkish military service in the year 1777, under the reign of Abdul Hamid I. Eight successive sultans have known Hod Bey as one of the most faithful and valiant officers in the Ottoman army, to which he still belongs after an active military career of one hundred and five years. He has fought in sixty-five pitched battles and innumerable skirmishes, received three-and-twenty wounds, and earned over and over again every war decoration in the gift of the Grand Seignior. Although well advanced in his hundred and twentieth year, he is strong and hearty, retains the use of all his faculties, and enjoys an excellent appetite. The present sultan has shown him every attention that a sovereign can offer to a subject."

Swiss Journalism.—The Swiss are so much given to wandering that Swiss journals not rarely contain letters of great interest from places where none of their Continental contemporaries are represented. The foreign correspondence of one of them, the "Journal de Genève," is probably not surpassed in quality by that of any journal in Europe. According to a recent official return, Switzerland possesses 307 political papers and official gazettes, published in 158 cities, towns, and villages. Of these 86 appear once a week, 114 twice a week, 47 three times, 2 four times, 46 six times, 4 seven times, and 1 (the "Neue Zürcher Zeitung") twelve times, or twice every day except Sunday. But all the week's issues put together contain less matter than is to be found in a single number of the "Times." The total circulation of these papers is 665,000, about one each for every Swiss citizen in the enjoyment of the franchise. How widely disseminated are Swiss papers is shown by the fact that,

while 114 of them, with a circulation of 275,000, appear in the various cantonal capitals, 193, with a circulation of 390,000, are published in small towns and country communities. German is the principal language of the Confederation, and 222 papers, having a circulation of 665,000, are printed in the language of the primitive cantons; 71, having a circulation of 128,000, are printed in French; 7, with a circulation of 9,000, in Italian; 2 in Romansch, and 1 in English. The number of non-political periodicals published in this country is 253 (164 in German, 78 in French, 7 in Italian, and 2 in Romansch), with a combined circulation of 650,000. The Press in Switzerland is quite as free as in England—in one respect more so, for the law against libel is much less severe; no writer or newspaper proprietor, unless he openly incites to crime or prints something flagrantly immoral, can be criminally prosecuted, and then only at the instance of a public prosecutor.

Land Nationalisation Scheme.—The substance of the scheme proposed by the American socialist, Mr. George, and adopted by Mr. Davitt, is briefly stated as follows: The land to be State property, and to have no other landlord than the State. The rent received by the State would be a substitute for all taxes, and the increasing rent would enrich the State as a whole instead of private persons. The surplus, after paying the expenses of government, would be distributed among the community in proportion to individual needs. As an alternative to making the State the sole landlord, he would leave landlords in possession and levy a tax on land equivalent to its value in rent. This, he thinks, would open new opportunities, as, under such a system, "no one would care to hold land unless to use it, and land now withheld from use would everywhere be thrown open to improvement. The selling price of land would fall; land speculation would receive its death-blow; land monopolisation would no longer pay." Between these proposals as to land and absolute communism, there is no resting-place in reason or principle. Why should house property not also be managed by the State? And why should not the proceeds of Mr. George's brain-power, in lectures or books, be distributed among feeble members of the community?

Invasion in the Days of Wind and of Steam.—On the 19th of May, 1798, Napoleon I. set sail from Toulon with favouring winds. He reached Malta, on his way to Egypt, on the 16th of June, thus occupying twenty-eight days on that short voyage. Egypt was not reached till the end of June. The head of the column of English steamers left England on the 30th of July, 1882, and reached Alexandria on the 10th of August, completing the voyage in eleven days. Here is a measure of speed. And for certainty of execution, we have only to remember that more than one invasion of England from the other side of the Channel has been delayed and spoilt by contrary winds, while the transports which lately went to Alexandria arrived for the most part on the very day calculated for each of them. All Europe knew their places at any given day and almost every hour. Nelson, seeking the French flotilla in 1798, arrived at Alexandria before it, and then, sailing northwards, crossed its path within fifteen miles during the night, and remained in ignorance of its arrival till the 25th of July, though the French had disembarked on the 1st of the same month. It was the 1st of August before the English fleet arrived off Aboukir, thus, from pure lack of information, leaving Napoleon the whole month of July to work his will in Egypt. Much has been made of the rapidity of the French invasion of Egypt, but Napoleon only entered Cairo on the 23rd of July, having left Toulon on the 19th of May. Sir Garnet Wolseley left England on the 2nd of August, made the whole voyage round Gibraltar, arrived at Alexandria on the 15th, and entered Cairo a conqueror on the 15th of September. Such are the facilities afforded by steam and the telegraph for a force which undertakes the invasion of an enemy's country. Surely the lesson of this is that it is more than ever necessary to be prepared on shore against the descent of an enemy by sea.

Curates' Insurance Fund.—In the discussion at last Church Congress, at Derby, on "Curates' Grievances," the Rev. W. L. Blackley propounded a scheme whereby a really practical remedy might be afforded for the chief of their disadvantages. It consists in making it the plain interest of

every young man at ordination to secure, by a payment of between £40 and £50, a claim, if unbeneficed, at sixty years of age, to a life pension of £100 a year; showing that such a provision would induce the resignation at that age of more than two-thirds of the benefices in the Church, and thus reduce the average length of unbeneficed service from twelve to possibly six years' time. He does not propose to compel this insurance, but to induce it by enabling the bishops, by faculty, to ordain as deacons men thus insured at twenty-two years of age instead of twenty-three; contending that, by allowing them to earn the average stipend of £125 during their twenty-third year, a fund, which they could not otherwise obtain, would be provided sufficient not only to purchase a pension, but also to pay for their support, which latter, at the present time, has to be provided for the most part by their friends. Mr. Blackley's plan touches only the financial aspect of the question; and even as to that he underestimates the influence of motives social and sentimental. Resignation would need to be compulsory—or at least the inducement must be greatly more than the present ratio of income on retiring.

Science and Faith.—It has been remarked that the avowal of sceptical or infidel views has been more among the naturalists and other observers of small details than among the men engaged in higher walks of science and philosophy. This remark was recalled when a paper on "The Harmony of Science and Faith" was read at the Church Congress by Professor G. G. Stokes, of Cambridge, a former President of the British Association. He spoke of the results given by science and Scripture as to the creation, and the origin of species, pointing out that, after all, science advanced nothing more than a hypothesis, hastily elevated into the rank of an established theory. In the absence of scientific proof he preferred resting in the statement of a special creation without prying into method. But to object to study science would be like objecting to honest industry. The study of the phenomena of nature pre-eminently called them to recognise truthfulness in religious matters. The investigator who wished to be successful must be on his guard against prejudice, and hold his mind ready to receive fresh indications of truth hitherto unperceived. And was not this what should be our attitude as regards Divine truth? New light would break in upon them from time to time if they sought after truth and kept their minds honestly open to its reception. This required patience and effort, and there was sometimes a temptation to take a short cut to the truth by throwing oneself into the arms of some party or school of thought, instead of borrowing from all alike that which appeared to be true, thus proving all things, and holding fast that which was good. The honesty of mind which led to the recognition of that which was good in all parties and to the avoidance of party spirit was, he believed, fostered by scientific study.

An Australian Dwarf.—There are no giants among the Anglo-Australians, but they have sent a remarkable dwarf to England. This is the well-known Australian "General Tom Thumb," whose real name is David John Armstrong. Having had a private interview with this diminutive but interesting personage, he informed us that he was born at Collingwood, a suburb of Melbourne, in 1851, just after the discovery of gold at Mount Alexander. His parents say that at his birth he was quite as large as most newly-born infants, but his growth was very slow, though he continued to enjoy good health, and when he reached the age of nineteen he ceased to add either to his weight or height, notwithstanding his parents feeding him well. His height has remained ever since at three feet two inches, and his weight at five stone, or seventy pounds. Looking at his general proportions, his head appeared to us rather large for such a small body, but not in any way deformed. As to his limbs, they are in perfect proportion to each other, especially his feet, covered with tiny boots that young ladies might envy, and his little plump hands have the shape and delicacy of a five-year-old child. In conversation he showed as much intelligence as any man at the age of thirty-one; and gave me some account of his extensive travels with vivacity, and sometimes with humour. When I showed him photographs of the principal buildings and streets of Melbourne, he was especially delighted, and named them one after another. He evidently

has received a good education; in addition to which his parents had him taught singing and dancing, in order that he might earn a living by performing characters suitable to his size without being a burthen to them. Like most of his fellow-countrymen, he is strictly temperate, and economical in his habits, so that he has saved money to maintain himself, should he become unable to earn his living. He is accompanied by one of three sisters, a shrewd bright-eyed woman of normal feminine dimensions. His mother is dead, but his father is still alive in Melbourne, working at his trade of a carpenter. His parents emigrated from Ireland a few years before their son's birth, being middle-sized man and wife, and they could not account in any way for their Anglo-Australian boy being so diminutive.

Stowaways.—At the Birkenhead Police Court recently fourteen young men were charged with stowing themselves away on board the steamship *Kansas*, of the Warren Line, from Boston, United States, to Birkenhead. Several of the prisoners had money in their possession when they were found concealed on board the steamer. Most of them stated that they were labourers, and had gone to America some months ago, expecting to find work plentiful and to get good pay. They had been mistaken, and rather than starve in America they had taken this means of getting home. A representative of the owners of the *Kansas* asked the magistrate to pass a severe sentence as an example. The Stipendiary remarked that the case of some of the prisoners appeared to be very painful, but as the shipowners pressed for a severe penalty he felt bound to inflict some punishment. They must go to gaol for ten days with hard labour. The magistrate expressed a hope that the case would show the great difficulty there often was in getting employment in America, and that it would make people more cautious about going there.

The Great Müller Family.—The last census of the German Empire, in 1875, shows that no fewer than 629,987 Germans bear the surname of Müller. How many Smiths the English census could show we are not aware, but during the publication of a series of papers years ago, entitled "The Great Smith Family," our circulation very largely increased. Editors of German periodicals are welcome to the hint. The entire population of the German Empire in 1875 was 42,727,360. There were 753,958 more females than males.

The Anglo-Australian Breed of Men.—The remarkable achievements of the Australian team this season will be memorable in the annals of cricket. We presume that most if not all of them are native born, and certainly all have been reared and trained in the colonies. Whatever may be said in cricketing circles about them, or about their successes, this one point is demonstrated—that the vigour of the Anglo-Saxon race has not deteriorated, nay, rather, has improved, in Australia. As a rule, men born of English or Irish parents in these colonies grow up with more compact and sinewy frames, and with less tendency to form superfluous fat and flesh. In the earlier days of New South Wales young men were nicknamed "corn-stalks," from the rapid growth in height, but at the same time they grew up wiry and muscular. This may have been partly due to the active life common in every new colony, but the chief factor in national breed is climate. Warm weather during spring, summer, and autumn, the absence of hard frost or heavy snow in winter, cloudless skies three hundred days in the year, bright sunshine and dry atmosphere—all this tends to attenuate the human frame. The climate also conduces to temperate habits, amounting almost to a natural dislike for strong liquors. Intemperance prevails far more among the immigrants from the old country than among the native-born colonists. Though less in average weight than Englishmen, the adults attain to a good average height, the rapid growth being chiefly in early life. With regard to the Anglo-Australian women, they arrive earlier at maturity and begin to decline at an age when English, Scotch, or Irish women are at their prime. The beauty and elegance of the "currency lasses," as the unmarried girls used to be called, is proverbial. The name was given in times when local notes formed the main currency in trade and commerce, before the gold discoveries. One noteworthy fact is worth mentioning. Parents who had been childless in the old country often become the joyful heads of families in

Australia. This is well known, and recognised in popular sayings. However physiologists may account for it, there is providential fitness in the fact, because children in a young colony are sources of wealth to poor parents, while in overcrowded lands they are causes of anxiety. The Australian colonies are not old enough to supply sufficient data for comparative tables of longevity, but the returns of the Registrars as to health attest the general salubrity of the climate. It is also certain that invalids from the old country often derive great benefit, and persons in the decline of life seem to obtain what is called "a new lease of life" by emigrating to Australia.

Editorial Qualifications.—Mr. Ernest Hart, editor of the "British Medical Journal," at a professional dinner, in returning thanks for his health being drunk, quoted a humorous American poem, in which these lines occur :

"Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live upon sixpence a week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at once?
Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and reliable touch,
And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how to not know too much?
Does he know how to spur up his virtues, and put a check-rein on his pride?
Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage, and *vim*?
If so, we perhaps can be making an Editor 'outer of him !'
And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be ; still
There are some who appreciate its labours, and some who, perhaps, never will."

There is one word in the above lines (besides the "outer of him") which is so thoroughly an Americanism as to reveal the nationality of the composition. An editor must show cheerfulness, courage, and *vim*. Some years ago, in conversation with one of the most distinguished public men in the States, he spoke of the great eloquence and *vim* of one of his colleagues. I set it down to his having a deficient classical education, but it seems to be a common Americanism, originating in some one having heard the Latin word first in the accusative. We might as well talk of the *vim nervosa*, or say *vim consilii expert*, as talk of a man's wisdom and *vim* !

An Electric Launch.—Professor Sylvanus Thompson has recorded the first successful experiment of propelling a boat by electricity on the Thames. His letter is worth preserving. "Having been one of a privileged party of four, the first ever propelled upon the waters of the River Thames by the motive power of electricity, I think some details of this latest departure in the applications of electric science may be of interest. At half-past three on September 28th I found myself on board the little vessel Electricity, lying at her mooring off the wharf of the works of the Electrical Power Storage Company at Millwall. Save for the absence of steam and steam machinery the little craft would have been appropriately called a steam launch. She is twenty-six feet in length and about five feet in the beam, drawing about two feet of water, and fitted with a twenty-two-inch propeller screw. On board were stowed away under the flooring and seats, fore and aft, forty-five mysterious boxes, each a cube of about ten inches in dimensions. These boxes were nothing else than electric accumulators of the latest type as devised by Messrs. Sellon and Volckmar, being a modification of the well-known Planté accumulator. Fully charged with electricity by wires leading from the dynamos or generators in the works, they were calculated to supply power for six hours at the rate of four-horse power. These storage cells were placed in electrical connection with two Siemens' dynamos of the size known as D 3, furnished with proper reversing-

gear and regulators, to serve as engines to drive the screw propeller. Either or both of these motors could be 'switched' into circuit at will. In charge of the electric engines was Mr. Gustave Phillippart, jun., who has been associated with Mr. Volckmar in the fitting-up of the electric launch. Mr. Volckmar himself and an engineer completed, with the writer, the quartette who made the trial trip. After a few minutes' run down the river, and a trial of the powers of the boat to go forward, slacken, or go astern at will, her head was turned Citywards, and we sped—I cannot say steamed—silently along the southern shore, running about eight knots an hour against the tide. At thirty-seven minutes past four London Bridge was reached, where the head of the launch was put about, while a long line of onlookers from the parapets surveyed the strange craft that without steam or visible power—without even a visible steersman—made its way against wind and tide. Slipping down the ebb, the wharf at Millwall was gained at one minute past five, thus in twenty-four minutes terminating the trial trip of the Electricity. For the benefit of electricians I may add that the total electro-motive force of the accumulators was ninety-six volts, and that during the whole of the long run the current through each machine was steadily maintained at twenty-four amperes. Calculations show that this corresponds to an expenditure of electric energy at the rate of three and one-eleventh horse-power. It is now forty-three years since the Russian Jacobi first propelled a boat upon the waters of the Neva by aid of a large but primitive electro-magnetic engine, worked by galvanic batteries of the old type, wherein zinc plates were dissolved in acid. Two years ago a little model boat was shown in Paris by M. Trouvé, actuated by accumulators of the Faure-Planté type. The present is, however, not only the first electric boat that has been constructed in this country, but the very first in which the electric propulsion of a boat has been undertaken on a commercial scale. Looking at this first practical success, who shall say to what proportions this latest application may not attain in the next decade?"

Hints about Egypt.—A little shilling book with this title, by Capt. A. N. Montgomery, formerly of the Royal Fusiliers, and who since has seen service in many lands, contains a great mass of useful and interesting matter, historical, descriptive, and practical. There are special hints to travellers and tourists, with notes of expenses, and a vocabulary.

Colour of the Sea.—The normal or natural colour of the ocean is blue ; as expressed rightly in the familiar line of the poet, "far o'er the waters of the dark blue sea." The deeper the water the darker the hue. But while blue is the dominant colour of the sea, as it is of the sky or the ether in which our planet floats, the ocean presents great variety of tints. The blue is of every shade, from indigo to cerulean azure ; while at other times or in other places there is as great a variety of green or of grey. Some parts of the ocean, as well as rivers that run into it, have received distinctive names from the peculiar hue of their waters. Thus, as we have the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, in China ; the Rio Negro, or Black River, in South America ; the Red River in Canada ; so of oceanic waters we have the Red Sea, the Black Sea, the White Sea, the Yellow Sea. There are permanent differences of hue in many waters, but besides these the same sea is subject to every change of aspect under cloud or sunshine, and ever-varying atmospheric influences. There are regions where the changes of climate are few, and the sea looks the same for long seasons of the year, but as most of us know the ocean, and as artists present it, there is scarcely any hue from ultramarine to golden purple that could be called unnatural. The causes of this great and picturesque variety in the colour of the sea are for the most part well known and easily explained. Atmospheric influences produce the effects of light and shade, with the endless diversity of tint and hue arising from the absorption and reflection of the prismatic colours of the sky overhead. In shallow seas the ground underneath also effects the colour. If the subjacent strata are white, as chalk or light sand, the sea is of greenish tint, deeper as the bed below is darker. The surface colour may be variegated, so as to indicate the geological formation beneath. In some parts of the ocean the water is so transparent that the bottom may be clearly seen at more than a

hundred feet of depth, as in the Caribbean Sea and in the fjords of Norway. Submarine vegetation or animal life, forests of seaweed or layers of shells or coral, thus may affect the aspect of the water. Or mineral matter may be in suspension or in course of deposition, so as to determine the colour of even deeper waters, just as that of rivers is affected by the soils through which they flow. A far more conspicuous effect is produced by the presence of vegetable or animal life in the waters themselves. Off the coast of California there is an oceanic region called the Vermilion Sea, from the tint given by dense myriads of red animalcules; the presence of which, of various kinds and hues, gives the names to the Red Sea, the Yellow Sea, and other oceanic regions where such life abounds. To similar causes are assigned the various colours, green, brown, purple, rose, which voyagers have recorded and naturalists described in different parts of the sea.—From *"Sea Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil,"* just published, 56, Paternoster Row.

The Settled Land Act and the Married Women's Property Act.—These two recent measures were thus referred to by Mr. Hastings in his address as President of the Social Science Congress at Nottingham:—"The Settled Land Act of last session passed the House of Commons, after reference to a select committee, without remark. No speech was made, no debate raised, no opposition offered that could attract any public attention. Since the Act received the Royal assent there had not appeared any prominent criticism of its contents in the newspapers. Yet it might be doubted whether any greater revolution, legal and social, had been accomplished in this country. If they maintained in continuous existence any system, whether of law or family custom, which tie up properties and render them unsaleable, it was clear that the amount of land in the market must be always growing less. That that had taken place in this country there could hardly be a doubt, and it had been one cause of the constant rise in the price of land. To see the full effect of a tying-up of land in a country, they should look at Spain, where the vast estates of the old nobility had been kept out of the market for generations by strict entail, with the consequence that agriculture was at the lowest ebb, that present cultivation had been neglected, that the land had come to be more worthless with each succeeding decade, and that a country perhaps more naturally rich than any other in Europe presented a spectacle of poverty. Englishmen in the days of their ancestors had little knowledge, or none, of economical science, but they felt what they did not know.

They felt like an animal in a receiver with the air exhausting. But if they felt strongly against restriction 600 years ago, what must they feel now? Was this the period, and were they the people, for whom a restricted land market, restricted by artificial devices, was likely to be endured? It was this, the system of continuous settlement, without power of sale—a system unnatural, unscientific, impolitic, and pernicious—which had set on foot what was called the land agitation. It would be easy on a fair field to refute the vicious theories advanced by the disciples of the Nihilist and Communist societies of the Continent, and it would be much more easy to do so in popular estimation now that the ground had been cut from under the agitation by the passing of the Settled Land Act. The great measure—for such it was—had cured the evil he had been describing at a blow; for on January 1st next, when the Act came into operation, there would not be, with small exceptions, an acre of unsaleable settled land in England. Two great reforms, however, remained to be accomplished in our landed system, the one being the reduction of all tenures to the Saxon simplicity of free socage; the other the establishment of a universal system of registration of title to facilitate the transfer of free property. The author of this salutary measure was Lord Cairns, and its powerful supporter Lord Chancellor Selborne. The Married Women's Property Act was another example of the correlation between the various branches of that subject. It was an historical error to assume that English law always handed over to a husband the property of his wife in absolute possession. On the contrary, the ancient law was, on the whole, fair enough to wives. The injustice and anomaly arose with the growth of personal property. The first effort for an alteration of the law originated with Miss Leigh Smith, now Mrs. Bodichon, sister of the Arctic navigator. The ridicule and opposition at that time raised against the proposal that a married woman should retain her own property in her own hands might have deterred many from embarking in the cause, but she launched an enterprise which, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, had proved successful. Mr. Hastings went on to describe a sound landed system as being at the bottom of national wealth. Trade might pass into new channels, manufacture might shift its home, but a country which had a well-tilled soil had always the solid foundation of prosperity and happiness. To maintain the productiveness of land in the national interest it was necessary to have a simple tenure and the power of ready transfer so far as owners were concerned, and, on the other hand, to give to tenants an absolute assurance by legislative enactment that the capital they put into the ground shall be made secure."



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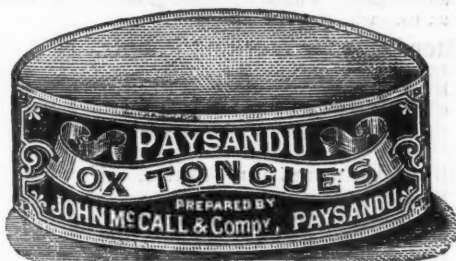
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